THE FILLBACH BROTHERS

SHOTGUN TO SUGARLAND™

FIRST™ COMICS

SHOTGUN TO SUGARLAND™

THE FILLBACH BROTHERS
WRITERS AND ARTISTS

ALISSA KUPRINA
TRANSLATION

NICK ACCARDI
LOGO & PUBLICATION DESIGN

KEN F. LEVIN
EDITOR

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KENNETH F. LEVIN Director of Publishing • ALEX WALD Art and Production Director • THOM ZAHLER Production Manager
JEREMY COTE Director of Professional Services • SUSANNAH CARSON Director of Foreign Publications • BRIAN MULLINS Director of Augmented Reality

I WOULD VENTURE TO GUESS THAT ANONYMOUS, WHO WROTE SO MANY POEMS WITHOUT SIGNING THEM, WAS OFTEN A WOMAN.

– VIRGINIA WOOLF
A Room Of One's Own (1929)

1
THIS WOMAN'S WORK

BAR

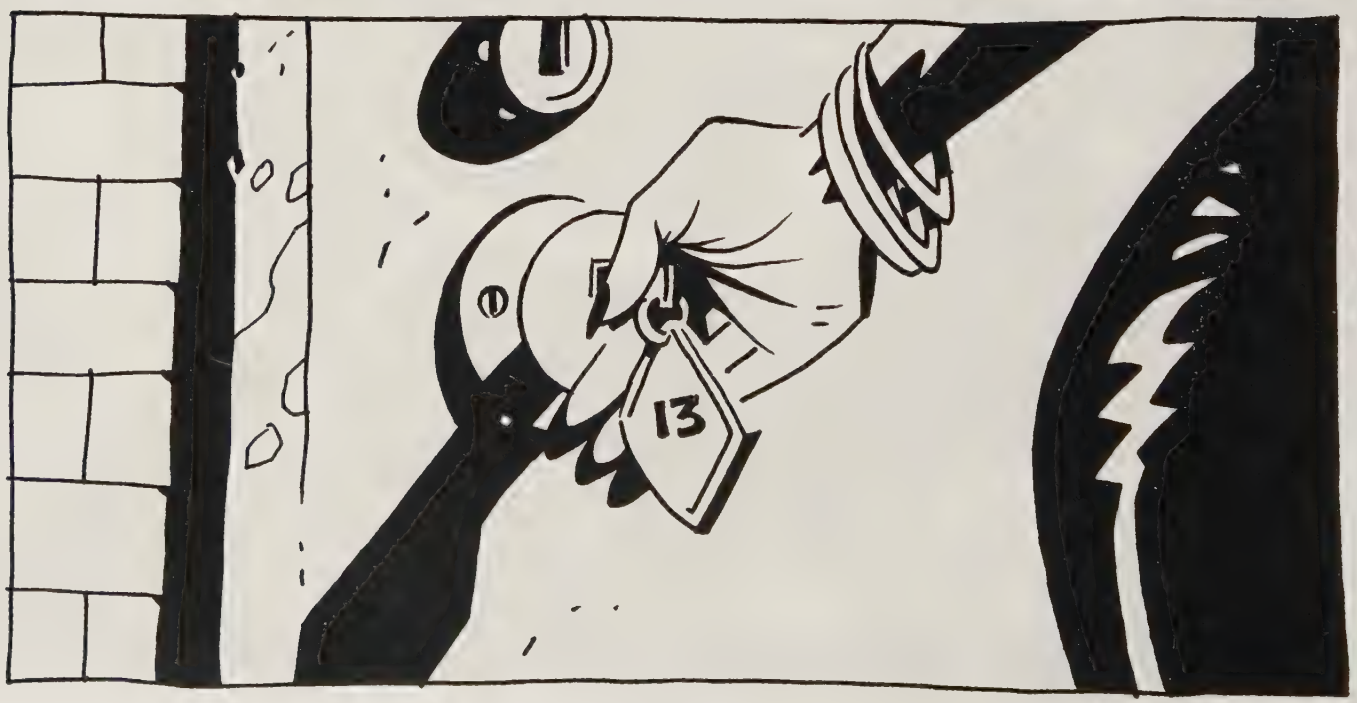
NUDES
TAXI

GIRLS
GIRLS
GIRLS

CARL
STAN
LOU

TAXI

HOTEL


13

...

UH---

BLEACH
LATEX GLOVES 4-PACK
PINE SCEN
WONDER CLEAN!
STAIN OUT!
UUUH---

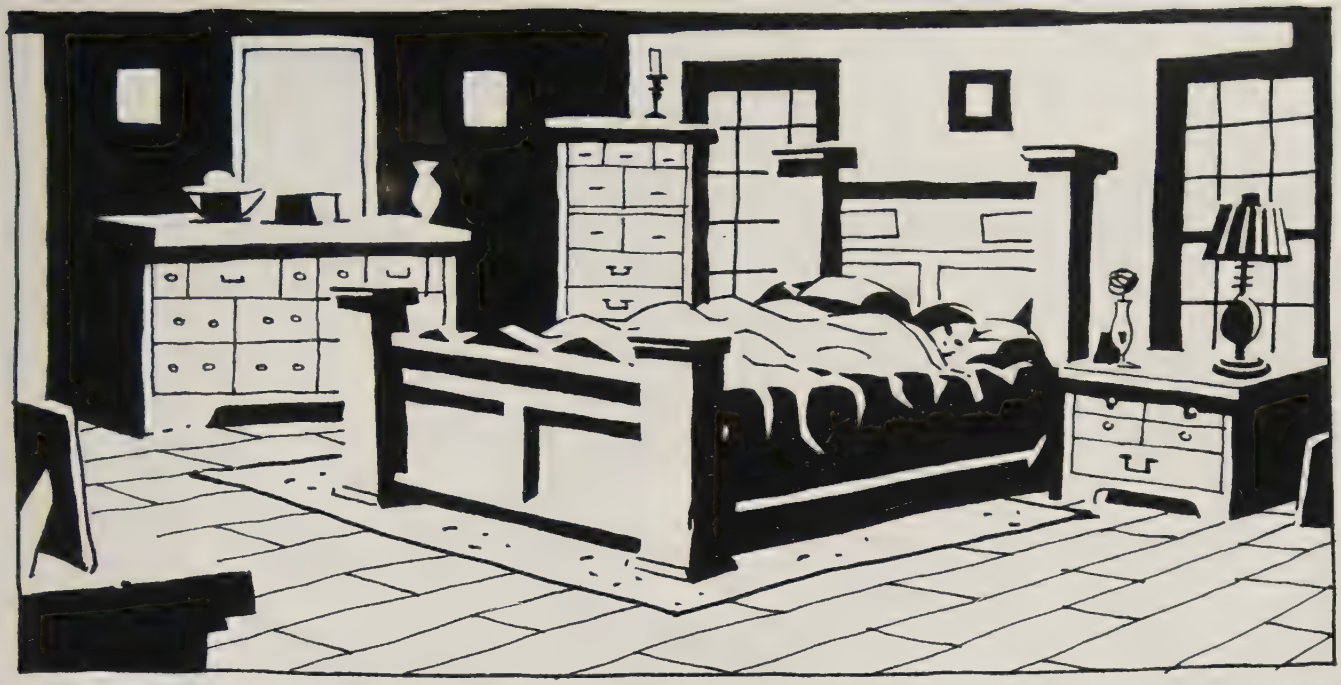
WHA – –
WHAT THE HELL'S GOING ON?! WHAT AM I DOING TIED TO THIS CHAIR?!!

HUSH... USE YOUR INDOOR VOICE...
WHAT'S GOING ON?! PLEASE-- UNTIE ME.
I WANT YOU TO MEET SOMEONE... YOU ARE TRULY BLESSED TO BE INTRODUCED...
...THIS IS GOD.
OH SHIT! IS THAT A --- GET IT AWAY FROM ME!!
THAT'S NO WAY TO TREAT GOD. IT'S BLASPHEMOUS AND RUDE... ESPECIALLY BECAUSE GOD IS GOING TO GIVE YOUR JUDGMENT.
BLARP

TCH--TCH--MESSY! NOW I HAVE TO CLEAN YOU UP.
GOD WANTS YOU TO REPENT FOR YOUR SINS... FOR WHAT YOU DID...
WHAT?!
YOU MUST REPENT SO YOU CAN BE FORGIVEN. YOU CANNOT ENTER THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN IF YOU ARE NOT FORGIVEN OF YOUR TRESPASSES.
WHAT...?! I--I REPENT. I REPENT!!
YES...
YES...
OKAY.
WHAT? "YES" WHAT?!
HUSH. DO NOT SPEAK WHEN GOD IS TALKING. YOU ARE BEING RUDE AGAIN...
...GOD HAS CHOSEN TO FORGIVE YOU.
OH, THANK CHRIST! UNTIE ME, PLEASE? PLEASE?!

WAIT! YOU SAID I WAS FORGIVEN!!
PLEASE -- WAIT -- NO! PLEASE!
:GAK:
I SAID GOD FORGIVES YOU...

...BUT I DON'T.



COFFEE'S HOT. MUFFINS IN THE OVEN. WENT TO CHECK ON ABBY. BE SEEIN' YOU TONIGHT, BABE. YER EVER LOVIN' AND OH SO ATTENTIVE HUSBAND, SLIM.
HUP!

SAVE A
HORSE
RIDE A
COWBOY

DETECTIVE
POLICE

HOTEL

CRIME SCENE - DO NOT EN

GE
PINK
PUSSY
LOUNGE
OPEN
HAPPY
HOUR
ALL
DAY
PAWN
S

OH, GREAT. NANCY DREW IS HERE.
NICE TO SEE YOU TOO, ROBB.
HOTEL
POLICE
POLIC

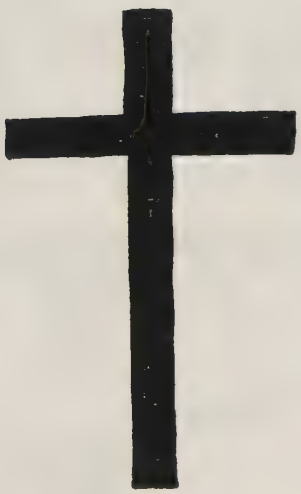
SO WHAT DO WE GOT HERE, JONES?
HOMICIDE... AND IT'S WELL... PECULIAR, ALEX.
HOPE YA DIDN'T EAT ANY BREAKFAST. MIGHT BE TOO MUCH FOR YER FEMININE NATURE TO HANDLE...
POL
SHIT. FIRST THEY LET THE SPICS IN. THEN THE NIGGERS. NOW IT'S THE WOMEN... WHAT'S NEXT? COMMIE TRANSVESTITE HIPPIES...?!
SHUT UP, ROBB.
YEAH, ROBB... I CAN HEAR YOU.
POLICE
WHO'D SHE HAVE TO BLOW TO MAKE DETECTIVE?
STILL HEAR YOU, ROBB.

ASSHOLE.
POLICE - CRIME SCENE - PO

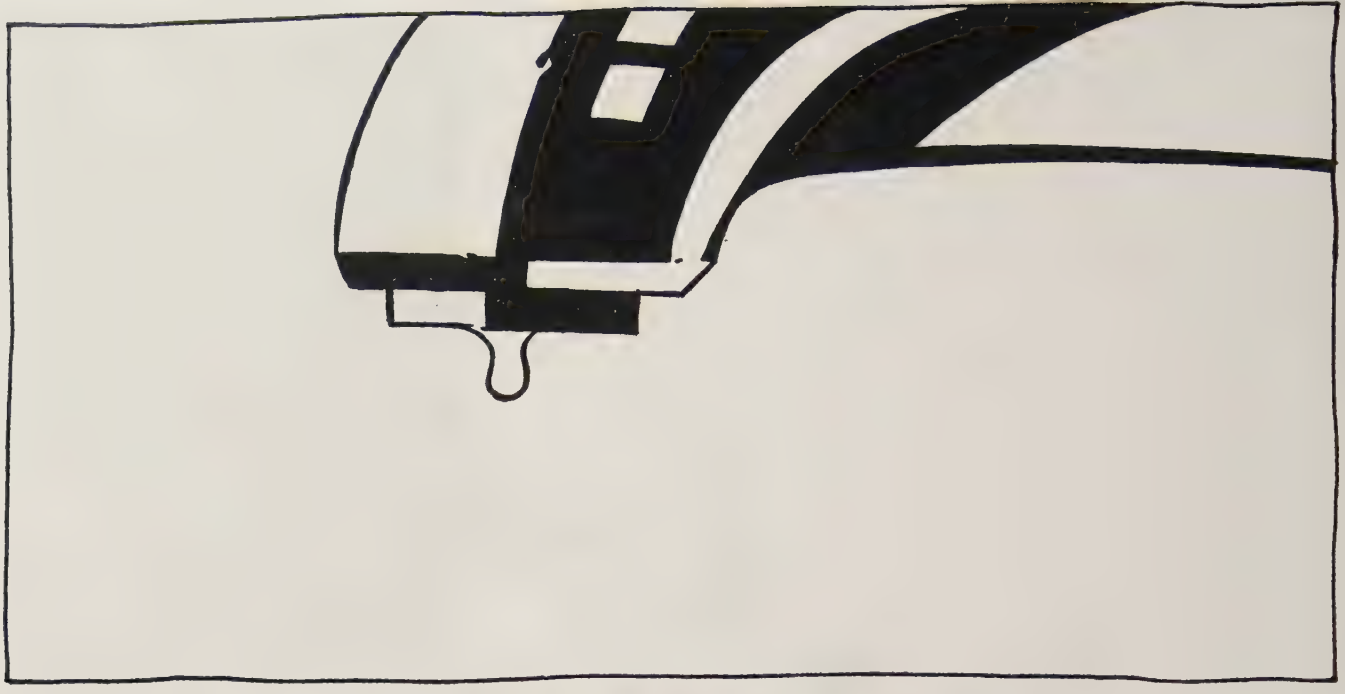
WHAT'S THE DEAL, LEWIS?
ONLY THE CLEANEST CRIME SCENE I HAVE **EVER** SEEN. THIS SHIT IS **TWILIGHT ZONE** WEIRD, ALEX.
WHAT'S SO WEIRD THEN, BILL?
OH, HEY, ALEX...
YOU AIN'T GONNA BELIEVE THIS SHIT...
JESUS CHRIST.

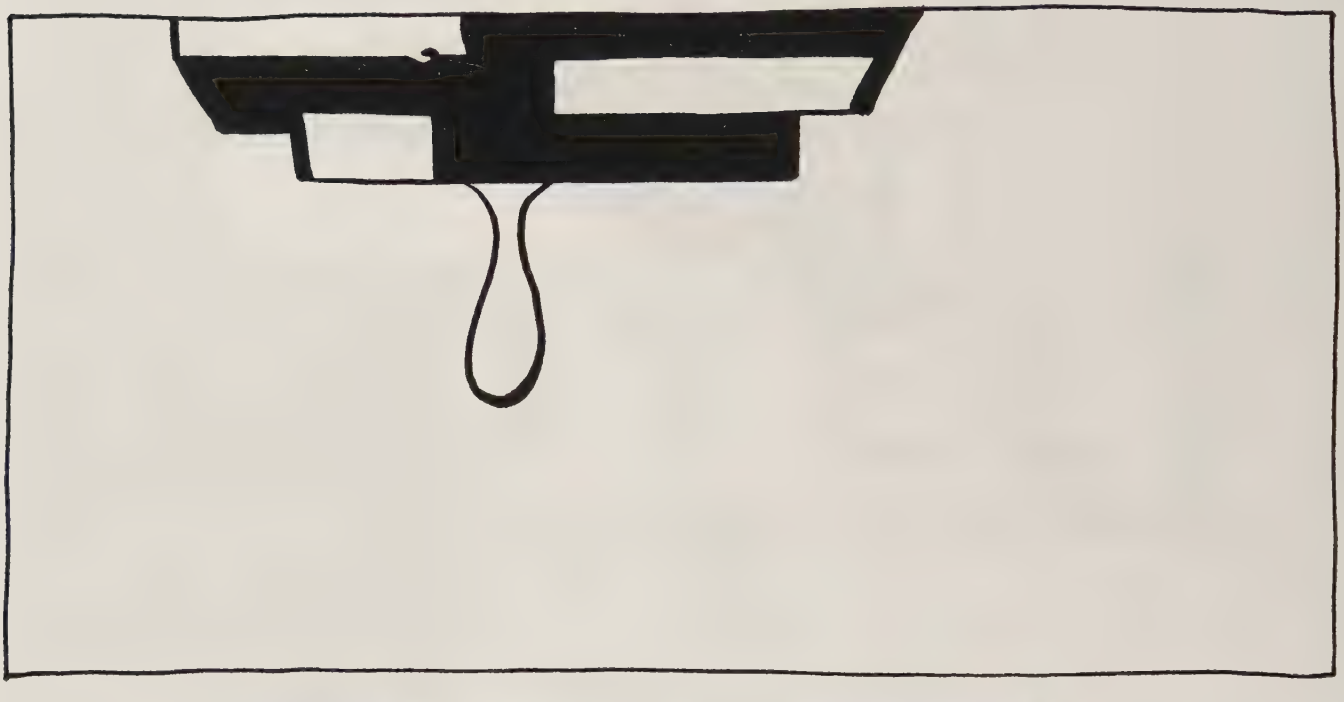
YEAH. NO SHIT, ALEX. AND I DON'T UNDERSTAND THIS. THERE'S ALMOST NO BLOOD ANYWHERE. HIS CLOTHES ARE CLEAN... IT'S LIKE WHOEVER DID THIS TOOK A LOT OF TIME CLEANING. BIG TIME.
NO IDEAS YET, BILL?
UNTIL THE LAB CREW HAS ANALYZED THE ROOM AND I GET THIS DUDE TO THE MORGUE FOR THE AUTOPSY... WHAT WE GOT HERE IS A REAL HUMDINGER.

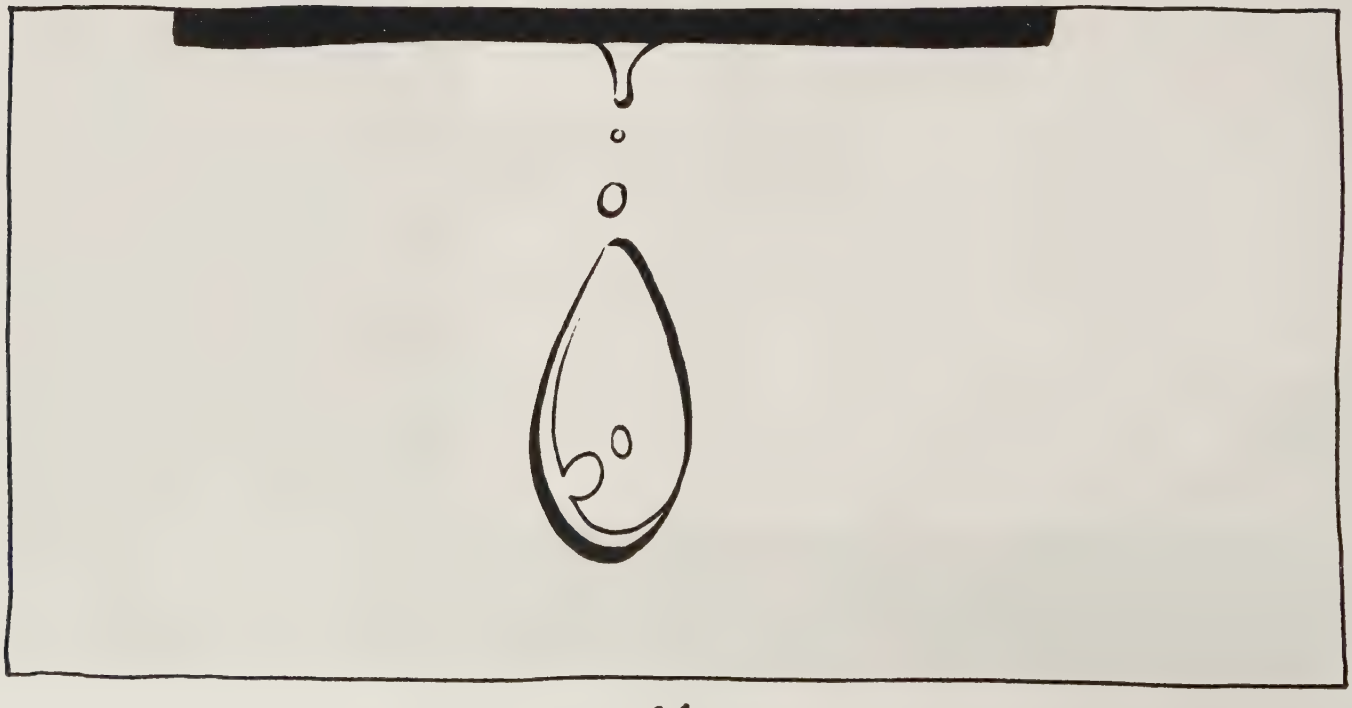
2
WASHING OF THE WATER

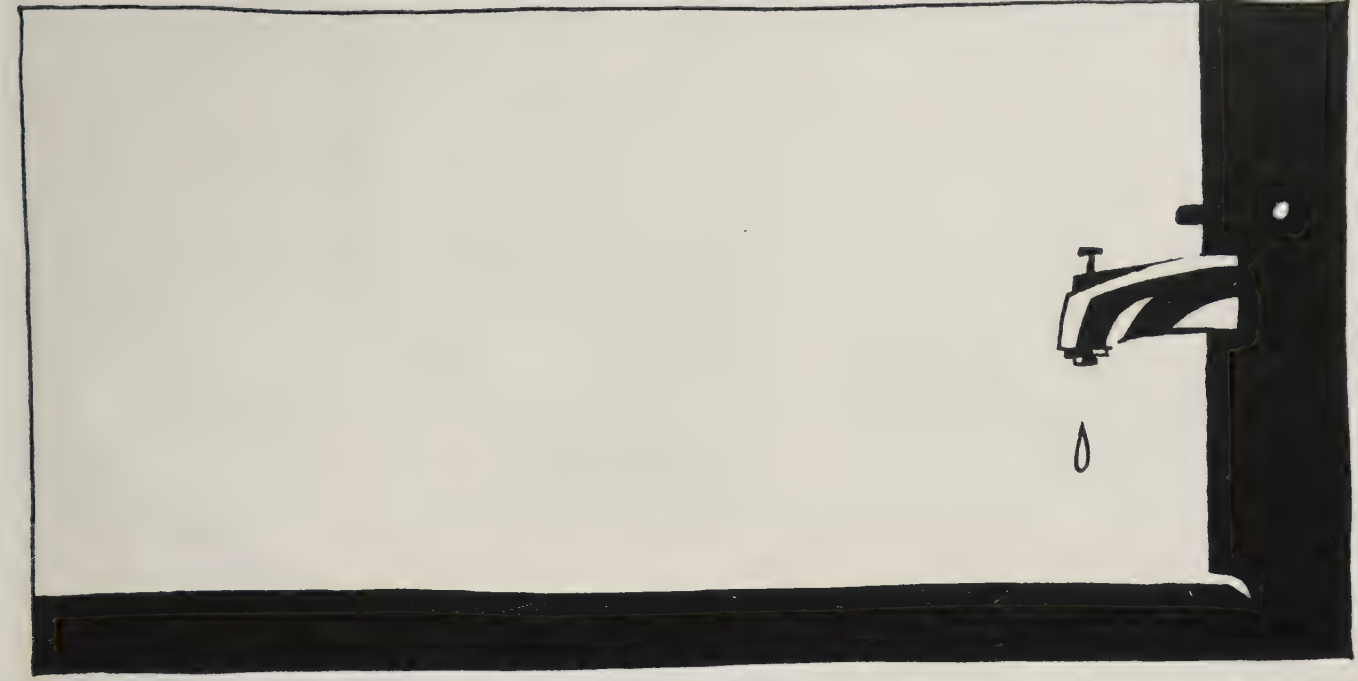


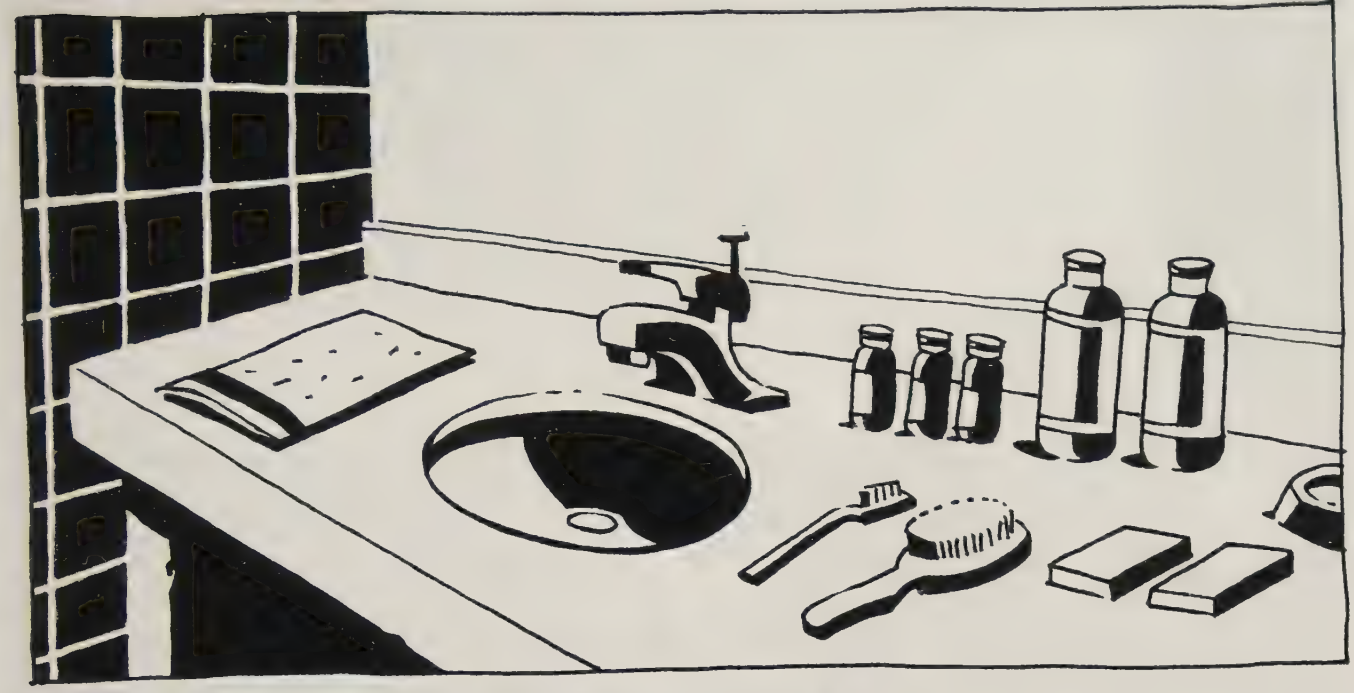
La Hembra
MOTEL
VACANCY

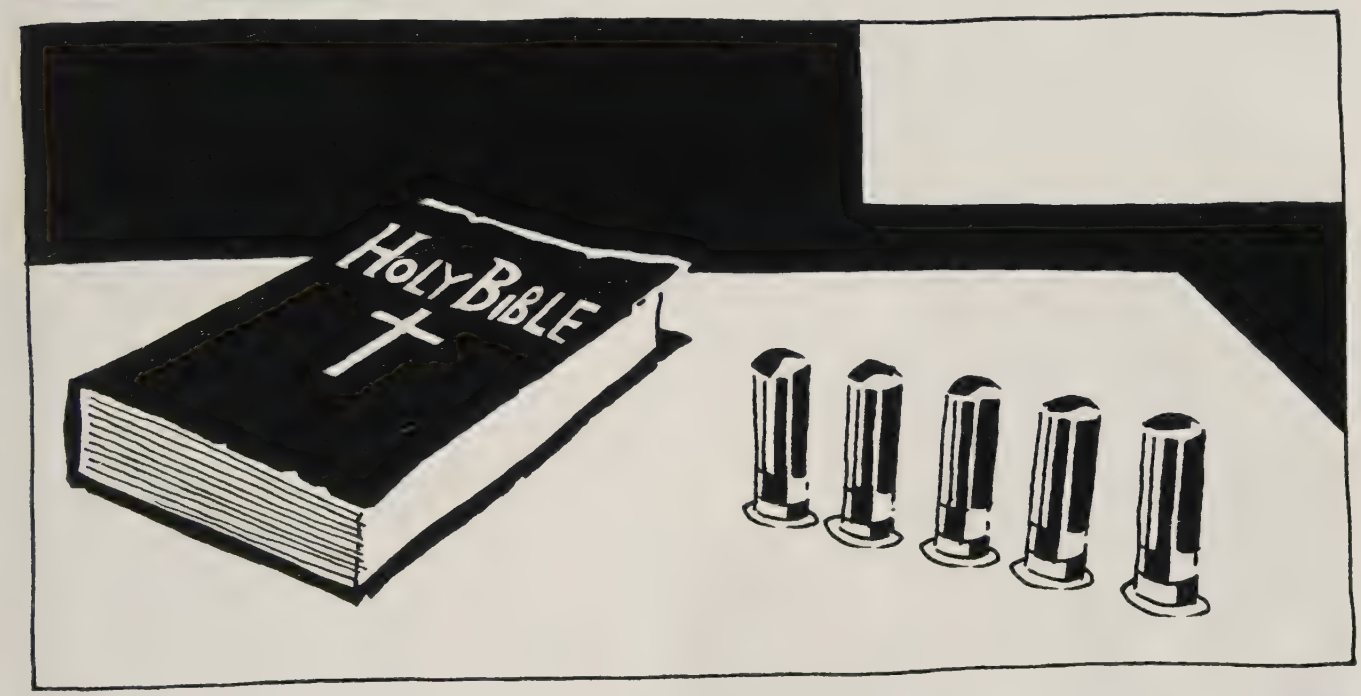




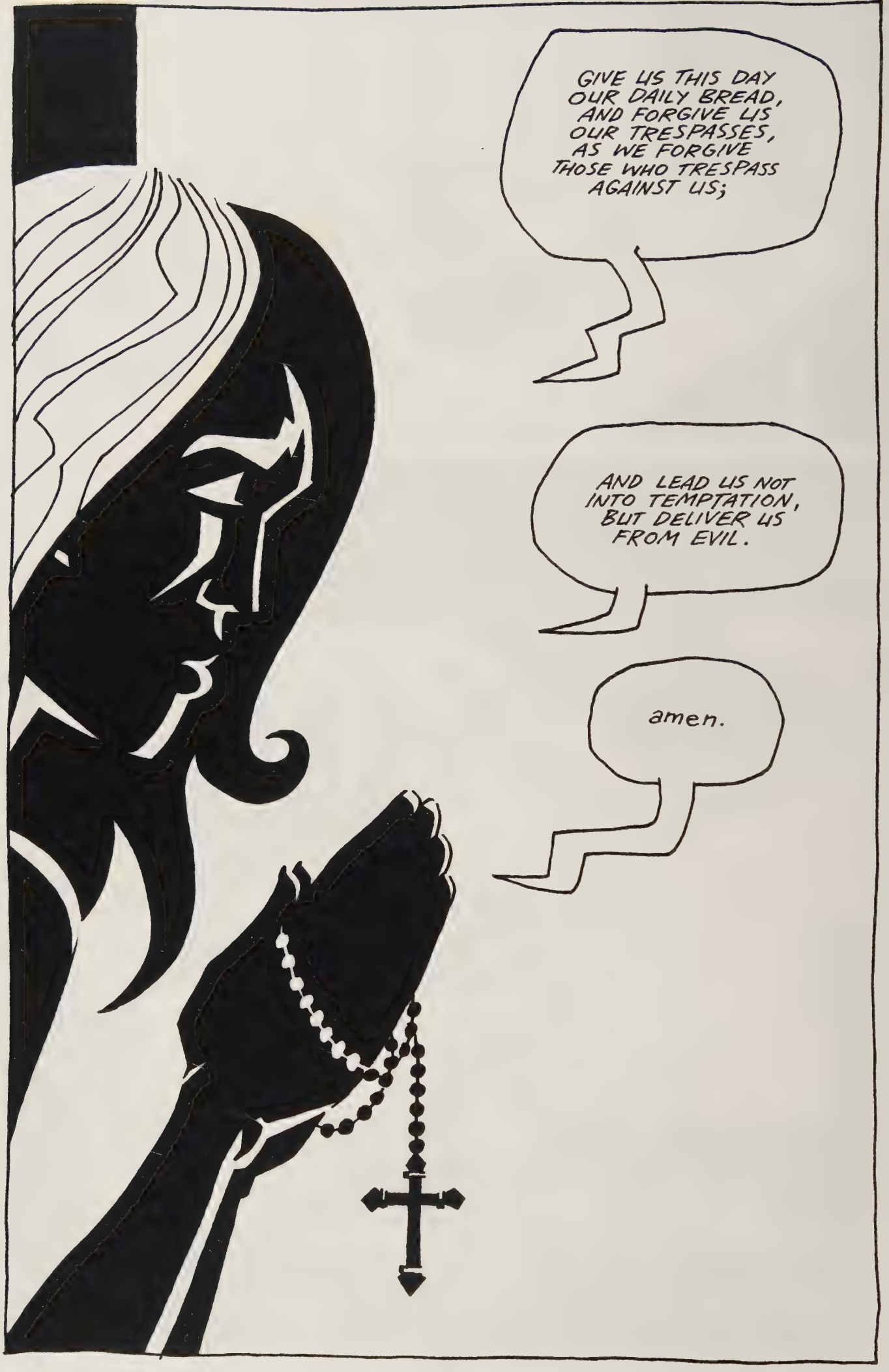






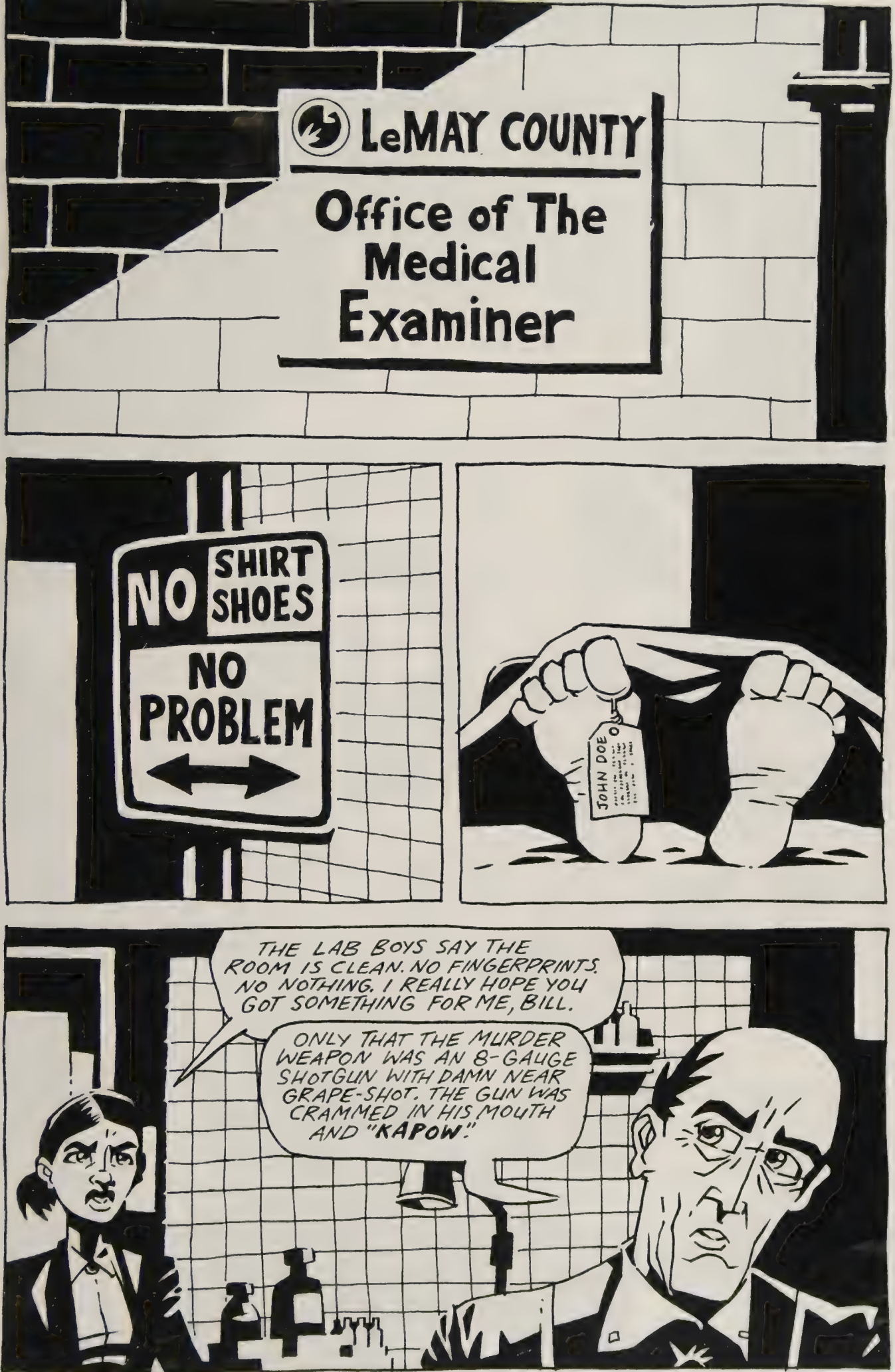

HOLY BIBLE

OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN HALLOWED BE THY NAME;
THY KINGDOM COME, THY WILL BE DONE, ON EARTH AS IT IS IN HEAVEN.


GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD, AND FORGIVE US OUR TRESPASSES, AS WE FORGIVE THOSE WHO TRESPASS AGAINST US;
AND LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION, BUT DELIVER US FROM EVIL.
amen.

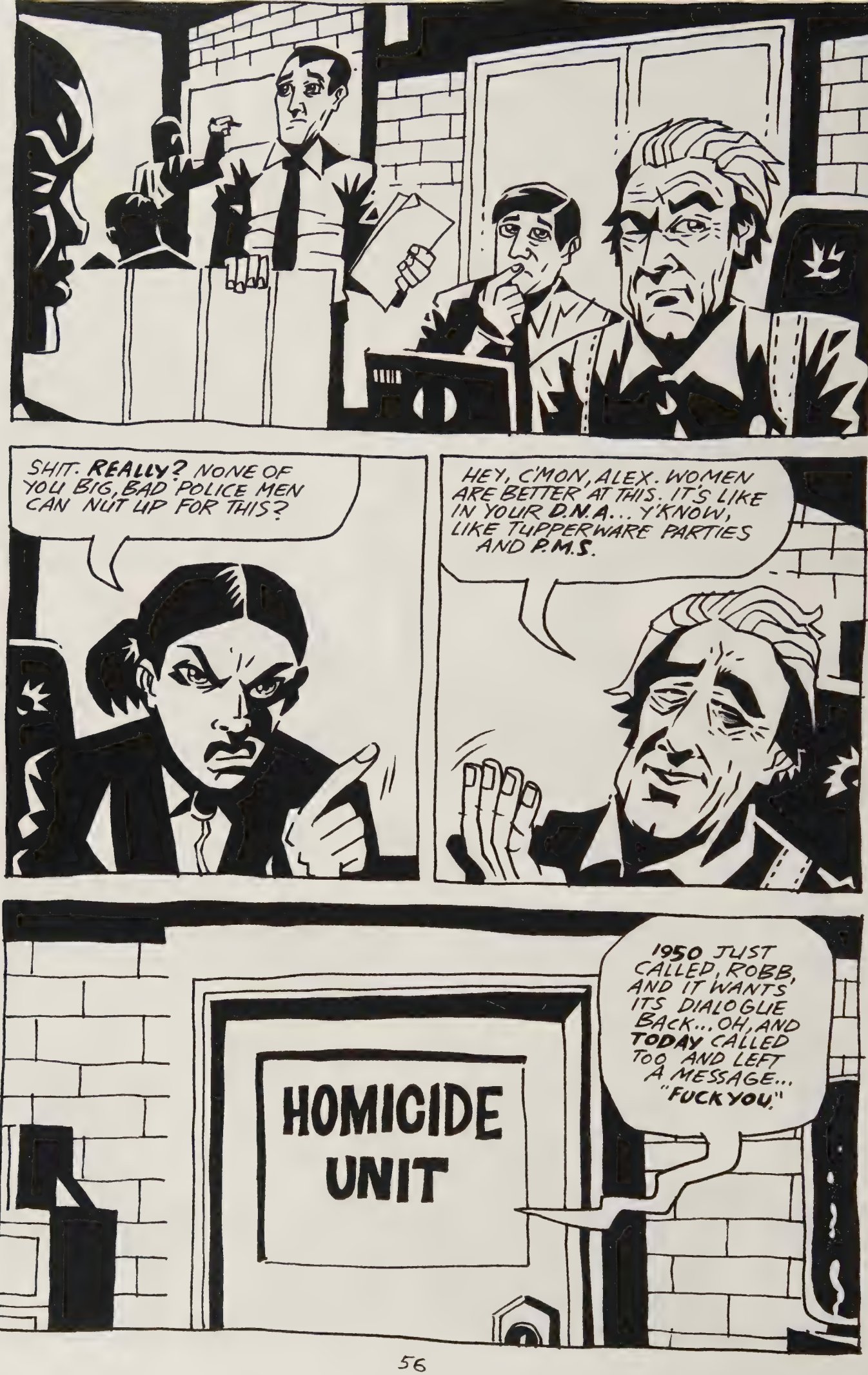
GOD, I HAVE WASHED MY SIN AWAY. I AM CLEAN ONCE MORE... AM I FORGIVEN...?

...THANK YOU, MY LORD.
YES...?
YES, GOD, THERE IS ONLY ONE OF THEM LEFT.
YES.
YES... I'VE BEEN FOLLOWING HIM...
YES, YOU WILL MEET HIM SOON.
YOU WILL GIVE HIM HIS JUDGMENT.


LeMAY COUNTY
Office of The Medical Examiner
NO SHIRT SHOES
NO PROBLEM
JOHN DOE
THE LAB BOYS SAY THE ROOM IS CLEAN. NO FINGERPRINTS. NO NOTHING. I REALLY HOPE YOU GOT SOMETHING FOR ME, BILL.
ONLY THAT THE MURDER WEAPON WAS AN 8-GAUGE SHOTGUN WITH DAMN NEAR GRAPE-SHOT. THE GUN WAS CRAMMED IN HIS MOUTH AND "KAPOW!"

CHRIST! HIS HEAD MUST HAVE BEEN NOTHING BUT PINK MIST.
YUP.
SHIT. AND WE GOT NOTHING AT THE HOTEL... GODDAMN LOW RATE HOTELS IN SHITTY NIEGHBORHOODS. EVERYBODY IS MOST LIKELY ALREADY HIDING SOMETHING SO THEY SEE "NOTHING"... AND CERTAINLY DON'T "HEAR" ANYTHING.
WELL, MOST LIKELY HIS HEAD WOULD HAVE MUFFLED MUCH OF THE SHOTGUN BLAST IF THAT MAKES YOU FEEL ANY BETTER.
GREAT.

HOMICIDE
UNIT
DONUT KING
THE IDENTITY OF THE VICTIM IS LAWRENCE WILLIAMS. 38. MARRIED. TWO CHILDREN. 7 AND 4.
HAS ANYONE NOTIFIED HIS WIFE YET?
FUCK YOU


SHIT. REALLY? NONE OF YOU BIG, BAD POLICE MEN CAN NUT UP FOR THIS?
HEY, C'MON, ALEX. WOMEN ARE BETTER AT THIS. IT'S LIKE IN YOUR D.N.A... Y'KNOW, LIKE TUPPERWARE PARTIES AND P.M.S.
HOMICIDE UNIT
1950 JUST CALLED, ROBB, AND IT WANTS ITS DIALOGUE BACK... OH, AND TODAY CALLED TOO AND LEFT A MESSAGE... "FUCK YOU."

SIGH

HI?
WHY HELLO THERE, SWEETY. WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
MOLLY.
TELL ME, MOLLY... IS YOUR MOMMY HOME...?

CORN
BEANS

DINNER WILL BE READY IN A FEW... HEY, WHAT'S WRONG?
THANKS.
YOU HAVE THAT DISTANT LOOK IN YER EYES, ALEX.

HUP! GET 'EM UP HERE.

GOD THAT FEELS GOOD.
OKAY, TALK TO ME.

IT'S JUST THIS HOMICIDE. NO LEADS. NO CLUES. IT BUGS ME TO NO END. I HAD TO TELL HIS WIFE TODAY. WHEN I RANG THE BELL A FOUR YEAR OLD GIRL ANSWERED THE DOOR.
... DO YOU KNOW HOW IT FEELS ASKING FOR HER MOMMY KNOWING I WAS ABOUT TO TELL HER THAT HER HUSBAND HAD HIS HEAD BLOWN OFF IN A SLEAZY HOTEL ROOM? SHIT... I FEEL LIKE SHIT.

OH, SHIT! SLIM, I'M SORRY. MY MIND IS MILES AWAY! HOW'S ABBY?!
NOT SURE. SHE AIN'T EATING AND THE FOAL IN HER BELLY IS, WELL... I DON'T KNOW. I THINK SHE MIGHT LOSE IT.. JUST GOTTA PRAY I GUESS.
YEP.
C'MON. YER FEETS HAVE BEEN RUBBED ENOUGH. I AIN'T NO BOY-TOY.
NOPE. YER MY COW-BOY-TOY.
AW, JEEZ. JUST SHUT UP. LET'S GO EAT.

3
THE HOLY MOUNTAIN

KITTY
KAT
LOUNGE
MEOW

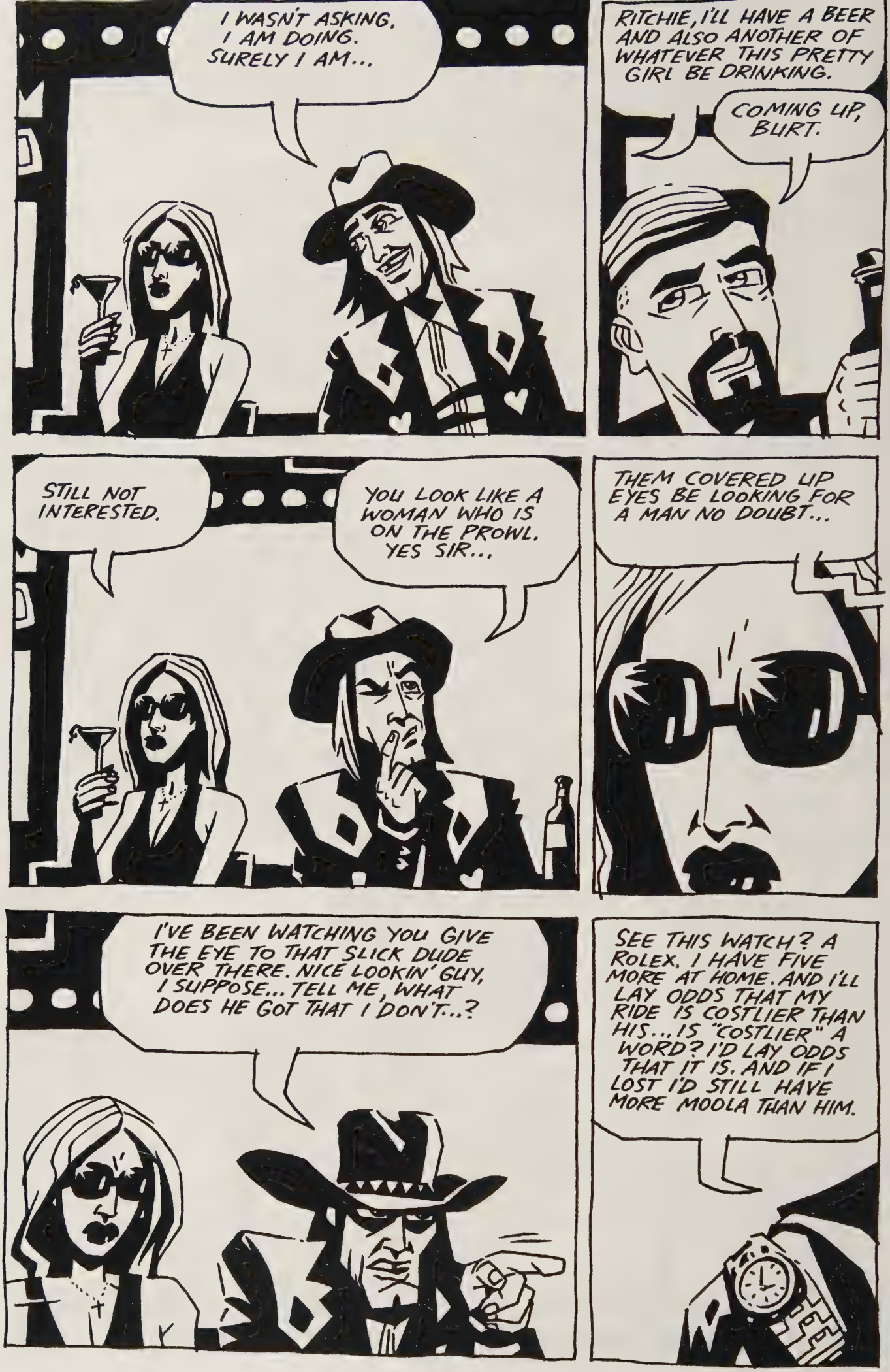
MEOW

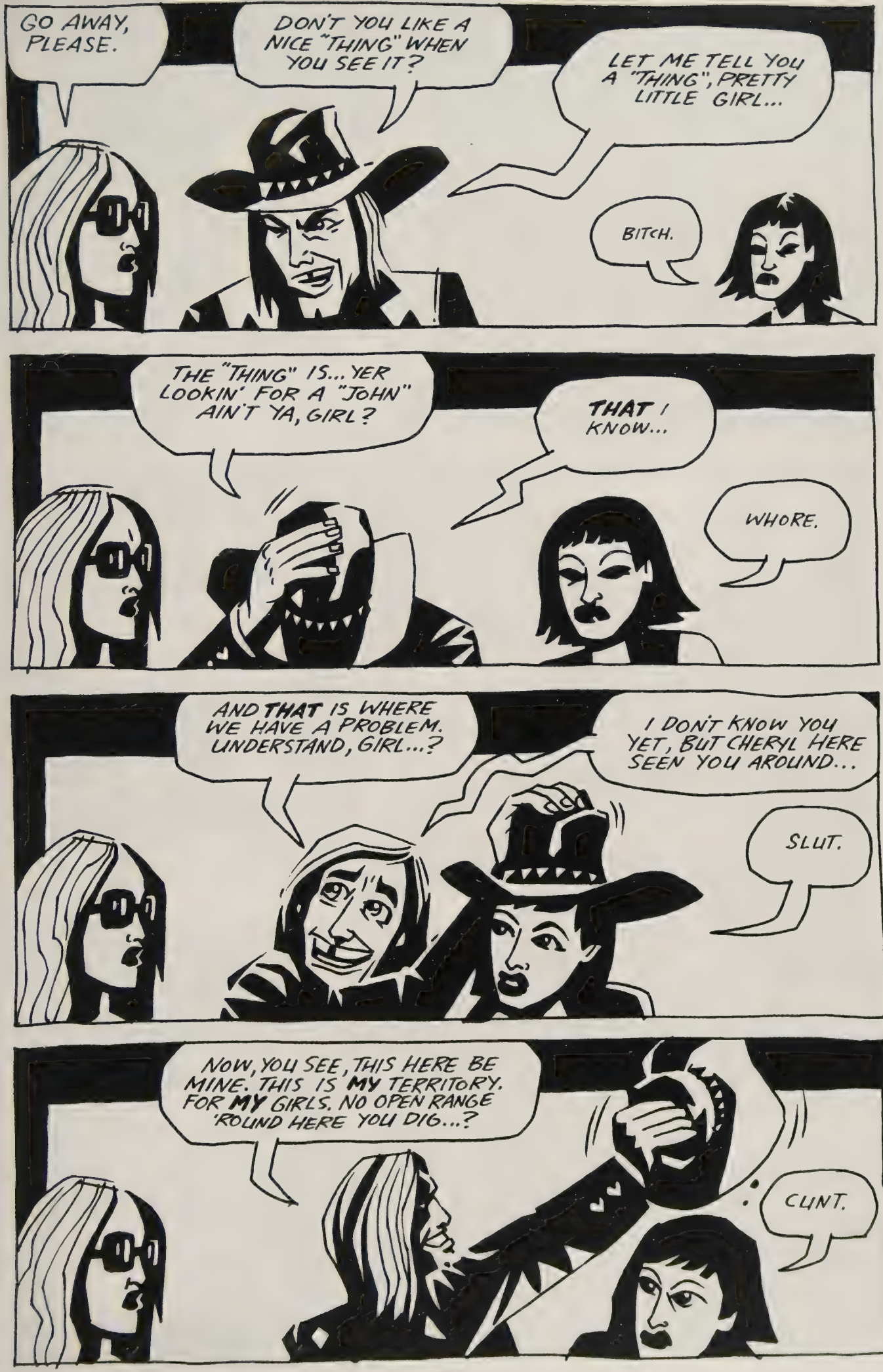
EXIT

HEY THERE, PRETTY GIRL...

... DAMN! BUT YOU BE LOOKING SO FINE. MMM-HMM...

...I AM GOING TO BUY YOU A DRINK. SURELY I AM.
NOT INTERESTED.


I WASN'T ASKING. I AM DOING. SURELY I AM...
RITCHIE, I'LL HAVE A BEER AND ALSO ANOTHER OF WHATEVER THIS PRETTY GIRL BE DRINKING.
COMING UP, BURT.
STILL NOT INTERESTED.
YOU LOOK LIKE A WOMAN WHO IS ON THE PROWL. YES SIR...
THEM COVERED UP EYES BE LOOKING FOR A MAN NO DOUBT...
I'VE BEEN WATCHING YOU GIVE THE EYE TO THAT SLICK DUDE OVER THERE. NICE LOOKIN' GUY, I SUPPOSE... TELL ME, WHAT DOES HE GOT THAT I DON'T...?
SEE THIS WATCH? A ROLEX. I HAVE FIVE MORE AT HOME. AND I'LL LAY ODDS THAT MY RIDE IS COSTLIER THAN HIS... IS "COSTLIER" A WORD? I'D LAY ODDS THAT IT IS. AND IF I LOST I'D STILL HAVE MORE MOOLA THAN HIM.


GO AWAY, PLEASE.
DON'T YOU LIKE A NICE "THING" WHEN YOU SEE IT?
LET ME TELL YOU A "THING", PRETTY LITTLE GIRL...
BITCH.
THE "THING" IS... YER LOOKIN' FOR A "JOHN" AIN'T YA, GIRL?
THAT I KNOW...
WHORE.
AND THAT IS WHERE WE HAVE A PROBLEM. UNDERSTAND, GIRL...?
I DON'T KNOW YOU YET, BUT CHERYL HERE SEEN YOU AROUND...
SLUT.
NOW, YOU SEE, THIS HERE BE MINE. THIS IS MY TERRITORY. FOR MY GIRLS. NO OPEN RANGE 'ROUND HERE YOU DIG...?
CUNT.

I AM NOW THINKING ALL BUSINESS LIKE AND GONNA OFFER YOU A SAFE PLACE AND A STABLE POSITION IN MY PROSPEROUS AND THRIVING OPERATION...
AS LONG AS YOU DON'T GO ALL BITCHY AND GIVE ME A SHITTY TIME...
YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A PIMP.
NO. I AM A SIMPLE BUSINESS MAN...
NOT. INTERESTED.
THIS AIN'T A NEGOTIATION, BITCH! THIS IS MY GRAZE YOU ARE WORKING ON!!
BURT! KNOCK THAT SHIT OFF!!
YOU REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED LAST TIME YOU PULLED THIS SHIT IN THE CLUB?! GODDAMNIT!
IT'S ALL COOL, RITCHIE. YOU GOT YER BILLS COMING TO YOU... IT'S ALL COOL.
BITCH.
EXIT
AND TAKE OFF THOSE GODDAMN SPURS, BURT! YOU ALWAYS MARK UP THE WOOD ON THE FUCKING BAR WITH 'EM! GODDAMNIT!!
RITCHIE, I GOTTA HAVE MY BOOT "CHING-CHING"... HERE'S AN EXTRA TIP, HOSS... AND I WASN'T HERE TONIGHT, DIG?
YEAH.
100
100
100

EXIT ONLY

EXIT ONLY
ASSHOLE.

EXIT ONLY
'SCUZE ME, MAÄM. MY COLLEAGUE WOULD LIKE TO HAVE A FEW WORDS 'FORE YOU LEAVE.

MEOW
WINK!
HEY NOW, HONEY... PLEASE LET ME APOLOGIZE. MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME BETTER THAN TO TALK TO A LADY LIKE I HAD JUST DONE... FORGIVENESS, PLEASE? CAN WE BE FRIENDS...?
EXIT ONLY

I'M NOT INTERESTED IN TALKING TO YOU. I AM NOT A WHORE.
OF COURSE YER NOT, PRETTY GIRL! YOU GOT PEDIGREE... YOU ARE A THOUROUGHBRED.
DO NOT TOUCH ME.
YOU GOTS STYLE. BUT DON'T LET IT GRATE, BABY.

WOAH! BITCH! YOU WANNA STUN-GUN ME?! IN MY FUCKIN' NUTS?!!
OW!
BITCH. YOU'RE GONNA LEARN WHO'S IN CHARGE!!
GET THE BITCH IN THE CAR, ZANE. SHE GOT ANY I.D.?
NAW. JUS' A MOTEL KEY. THE MOTEL HEMBRA.
WELL SHIT. LET'S HEAD TO MOTEL HEMBRA THEN. AND GO GET CHERYL'S DUMB-ASS OUT HERE TOO.

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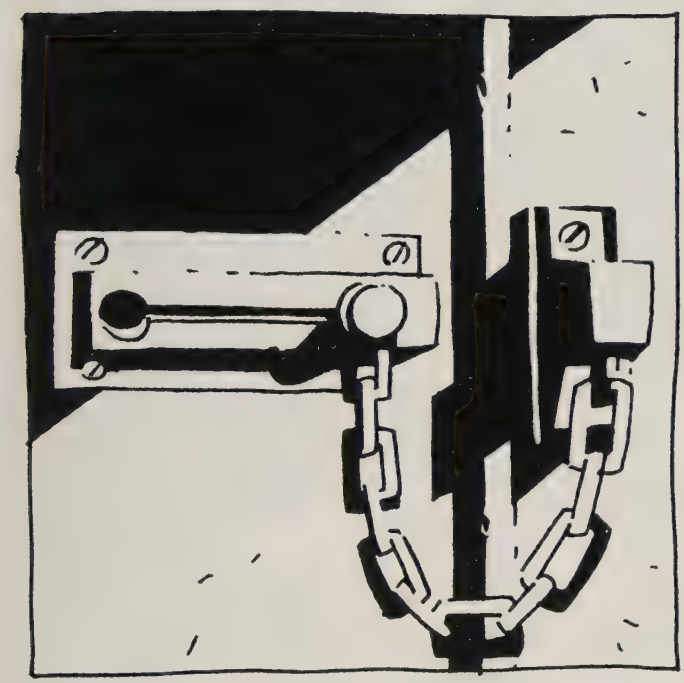


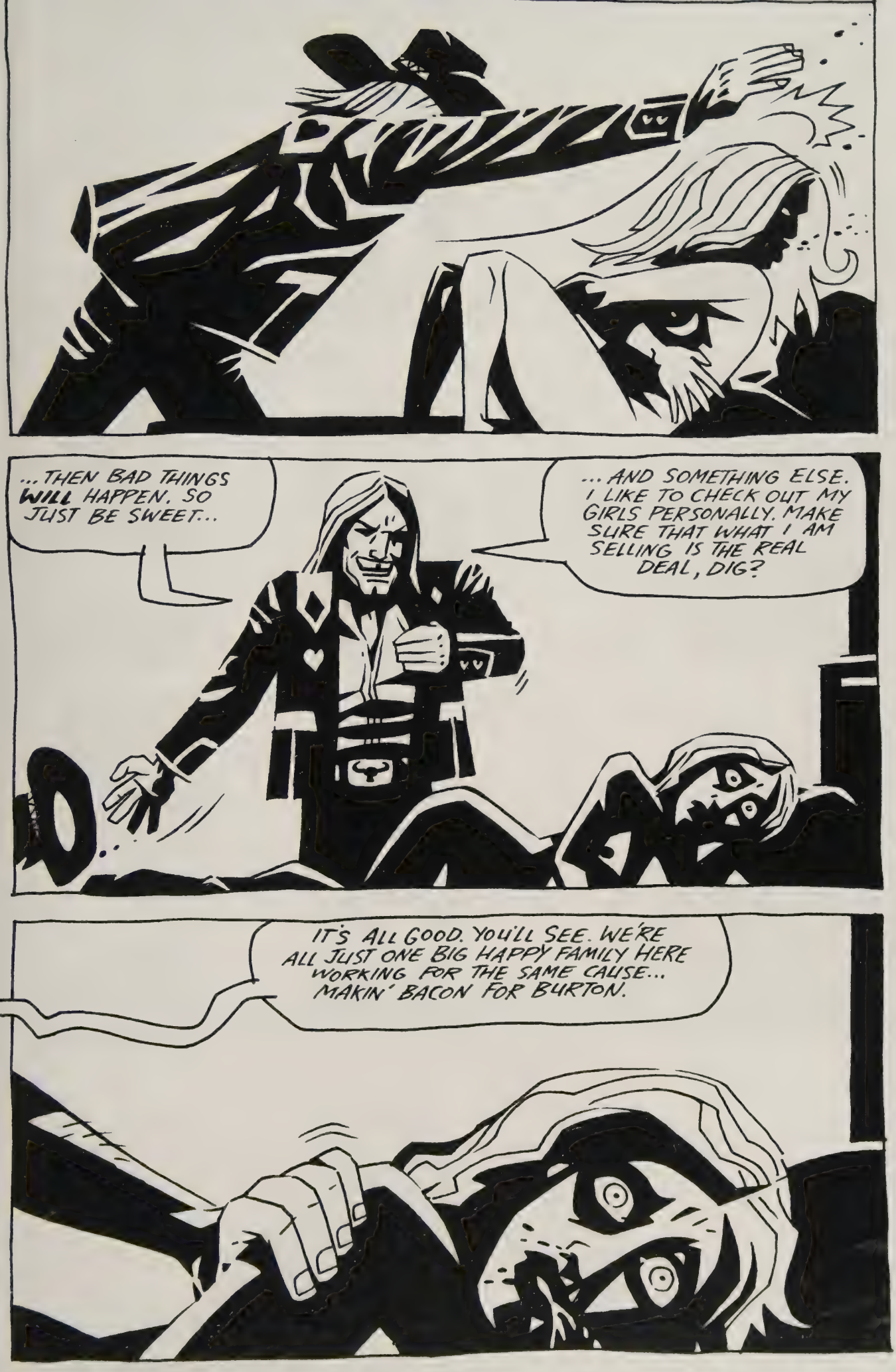
YEAH, ZANE, STRIP HER DOWN AND CLEAN THE BITCH UP GOOD.
LA HEMBRA MOTEL
117

OH YES. THAT IS MUCH, MUCH BETTER. LOOK AT THAT...

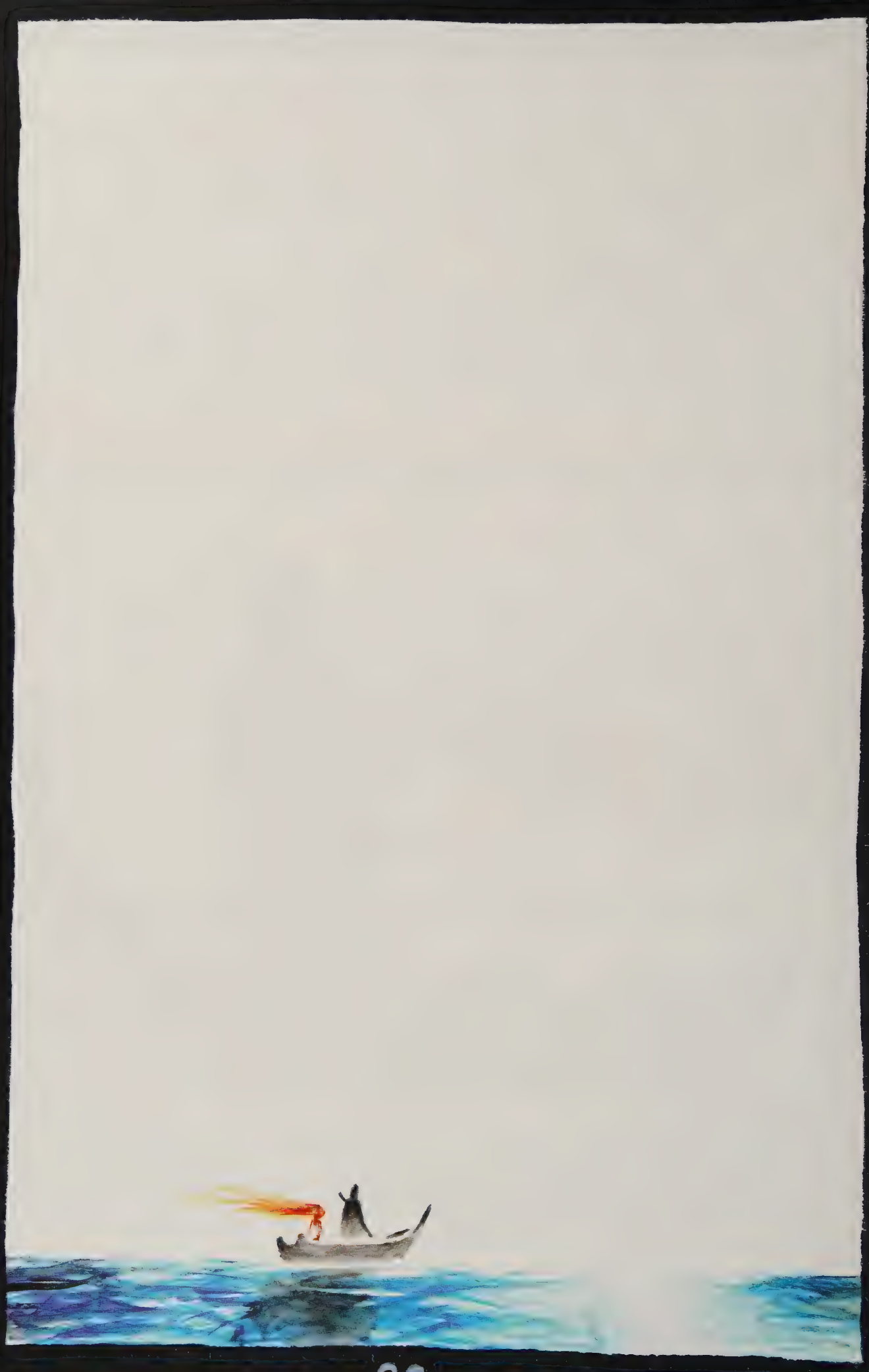
WAKE UP, DARLIN'... IT IS NOW TIME FOR YOU TO GO TO SCHOOL. BUT FIRST, LET ME ASK--

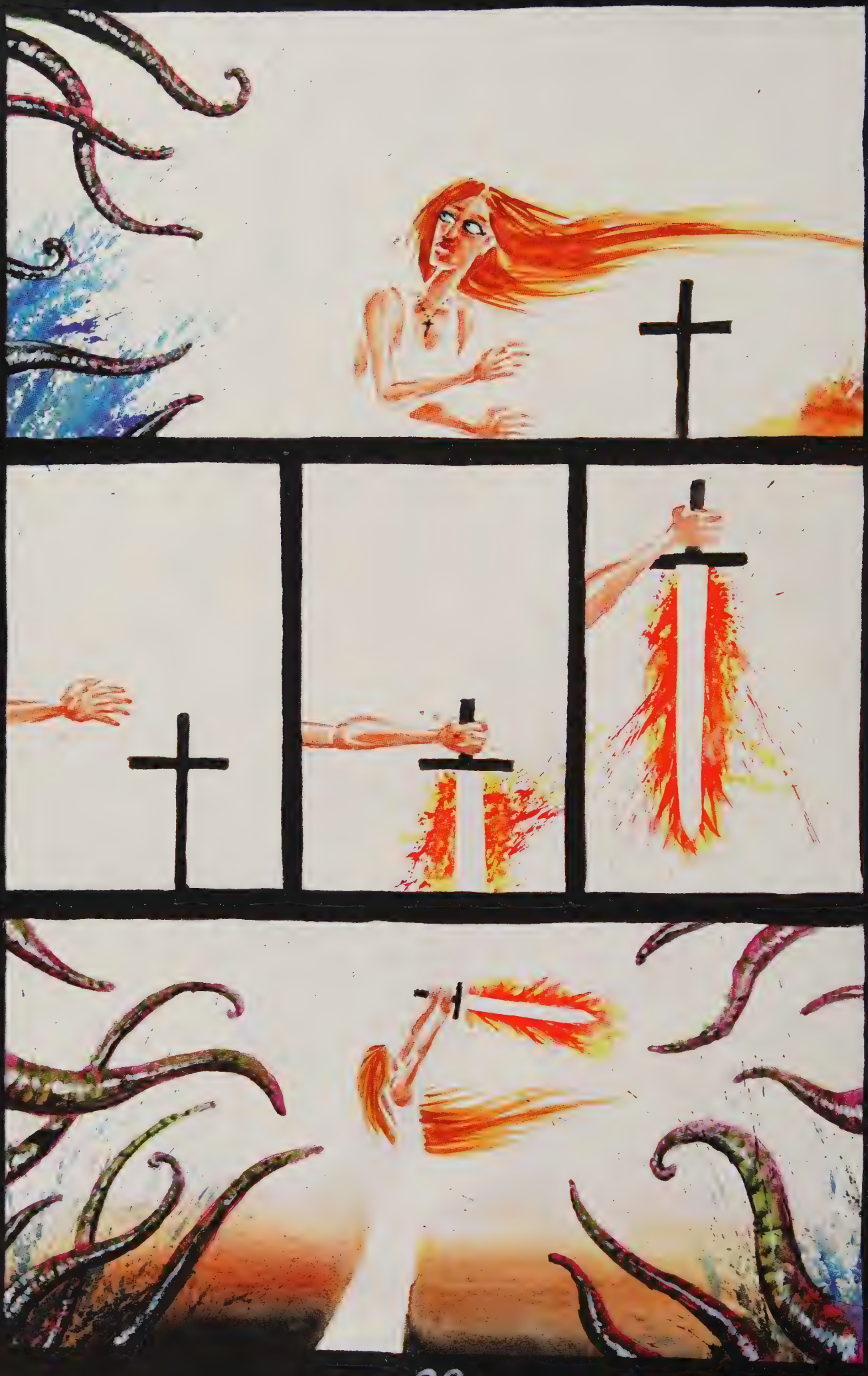
-- WHAT IN THE FUCK ALL IS THIS?!!
WHAT KINDA SICK SHIT ARE YOU INTO? NEVERMIND. THIS WORLD TAKES ALL KINDS. EVEN THE SICK FUCKS... NOW LET US DISCUSS BUSINESS. YOU AND I. DIG?
I THINK THIS BITCH BE CRAZY.
SHUT THE FUCK UP, CHERYL. NOBODY GIVES A SHIT WHAT YOU THINK.
SO, WHAT IS THE DEAL, PRETTY GIRL? ALL YA GOT IS THIS DAMN JAR BABY AND A BIBLE. WHAT GIVES?
I THINK IT'S ONE A THEM FAKE JAR THINGS, BURTON.
WHAT IN THE HELL YOU TALKIN' ABOUT, ZANE?
LIKE HALLOWEEN AND SHIT. I SEEN STUFF LIKE THAT ON THE INTERNET. LIKE ALIENS IN JARS. IT'S ALL PLASTIC SHIT IN PICKLE JUICE.
YEAH. I SEEN THAT SHIT TOO.
WHAT THE FUCK, ARE YOU TWO TALKIN' ABOUT? WELL, NEVERMIND...

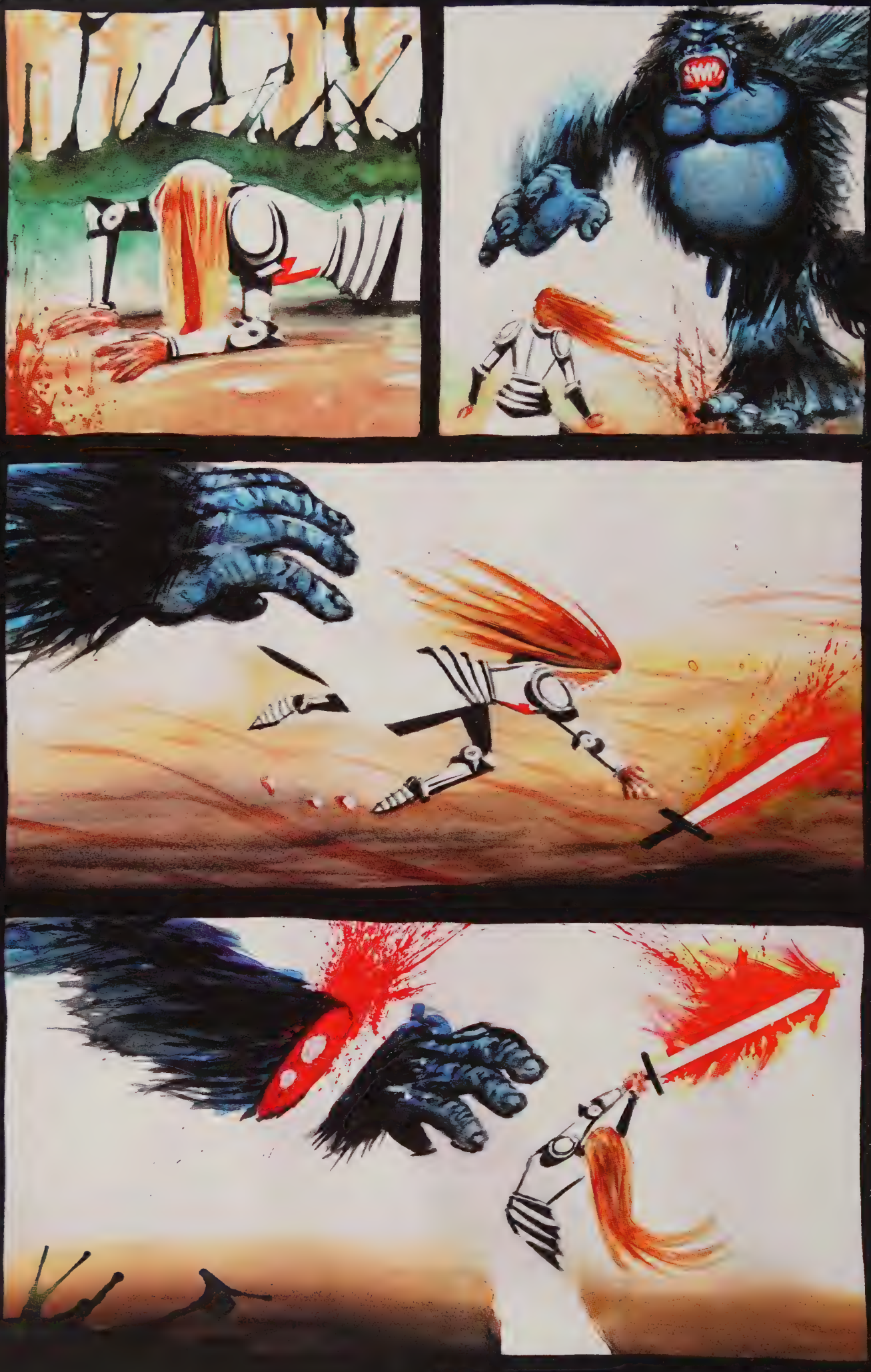
DAMN. THE SHIT I GOTTA PUT UP WITH... ANYWAYS. HERE'S THE DEAL. YOU WORK FOR ME NOW. PERIOD. THIS MEANS THAT I OWN YER PRETTY LITTLE WORKING ASS. COMPRENDE? NO MORE FREE GRAZING ON MY LAND FOR YOU, SWEETNESS... YER PART OF MY HERD NOW... SO LISTEN REAL CLOSE...
...LONG AS YER GOOD, DO AS I TELL YOU. DON'T GIVE ME NO GRIEF... THEN I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU. I'LL GIVE YOU EVERYTHING YOU COULD EVER WANT OR NEED. BUT, GIRL... IF YOU GET ON MY BAD SIDE... WELL...

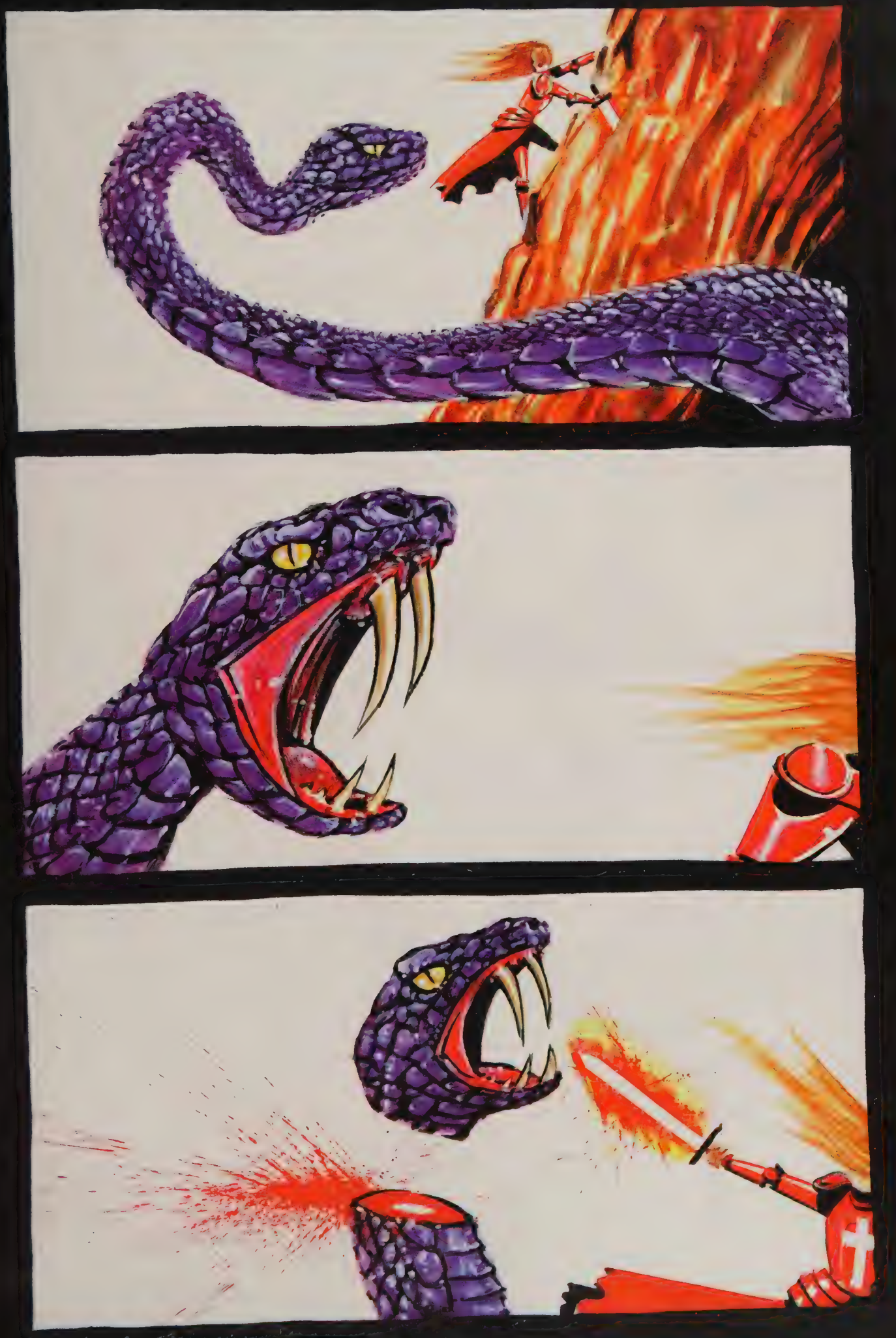

...THEN BAD THINGS WILL HAPPEN. SO JUST BE SWEET...
...AND SOMETHING ELSE. I LIKE TO CHECK OUT MY GIRLS PERSONALLY. MAKE SURE THAT WHAT I AM SELLING IS THE REAL DEAL, DIG?
IT'S ALL GOOD. YOU'LL SEE. WE'RE ALL JUST ONE BIG HAPPY FAMILY HERE WORKING FOR THE SAME CAUSE... MAKIN' BACON FOR BURTON.

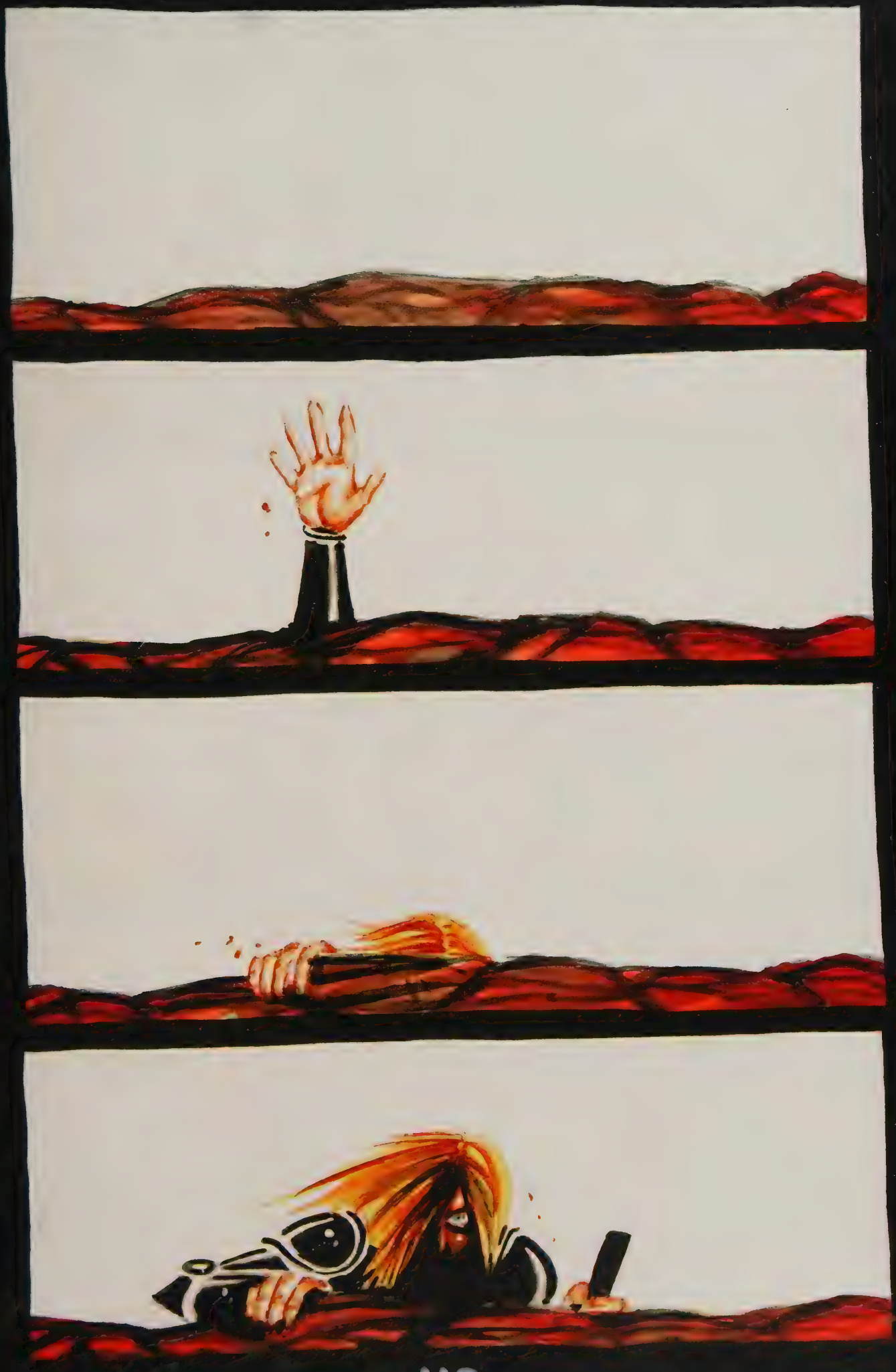
THAT'S RIGHT, BABY. DON'T STRUGGLE...
JUST GIVE IN. LET YOURSELF GO...
TAKE YOURSELF OUT OF YOUR MIND...

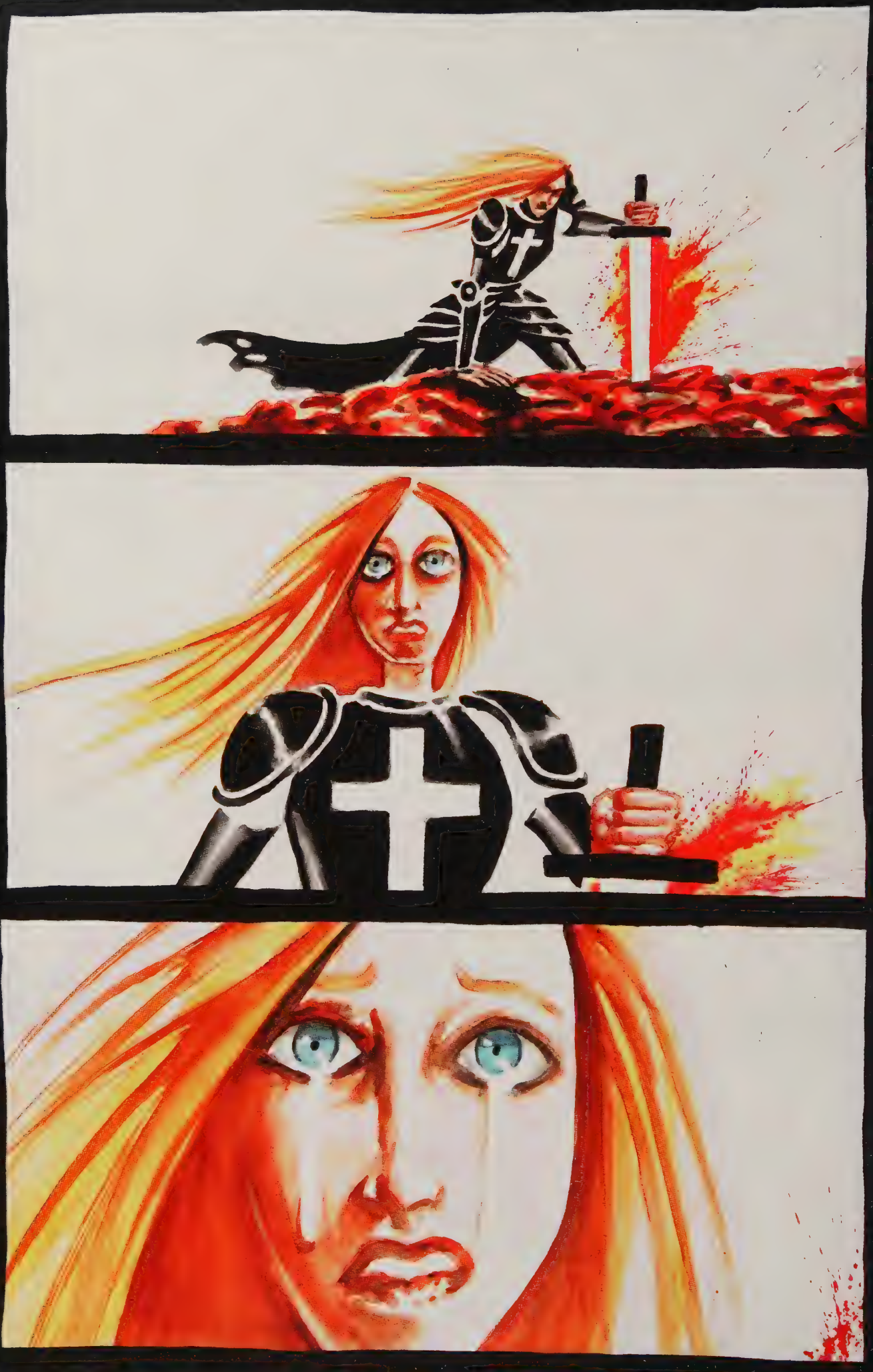












DAMN. YOU RIGHT, BURTON. SHE BE FINE.
I TOLD YOU, ZANE. NICE AND TIGHT...
...I AM FIGURING WITH HER "I'M BETTER THAN YOU DESERVE" LOOK WE MARKET HER ASS FOR THE BIG UPSCALE CLIENTELE. CHARGE US SOME MUCHO PREMIUM PRICES, DIG? MAKE A FORTUNE ON THAT PUSSY.

HEY! THAT CONVENTION SHIT IS MINE!
YEAH. I BEEN MEANIN' TA TALK TO YOU, CHERYL. Y'KNOW I LOVE YOU, BITCH... BUT WE BEEN GETTIN' CUSTOMER COMPLAINTS LATELY THAT YOU COULD USE A FEW STITCHES.
HEH-HEH-
FUCK YOU, BURTON! AND FUCK YOU FOR LAUGHING, ZANE!
TALK AMONGST YOURSELVES. I GOTTA TAKE A WICKED PISS. THEN GET HER ASS UP. I'LL TREAT HER TO A NICE DINNER, DIG?
DAMMIT, CHERYL. HOW MANY TIMES I GOTTA TELL YOU NOT TO SMOKE THAT SHIT WHEN YER ON DUTY?! IT GETS YOU ALL FUCKED UP AND WE LOSE MONEY, BITCH!
WHAT DO YOU CARE WHAT I DO, ASSHOLE? YOU FOUND THE GOLDEN PUSSY THAT'S GONNA MAKE YOU RICH, RIGHT? FUCK OFF.

...
CHERYL, THAT'S WHY I LOVE YOU. YOU ARE-- WHAT WRONG?
THA FUCK...?

OC

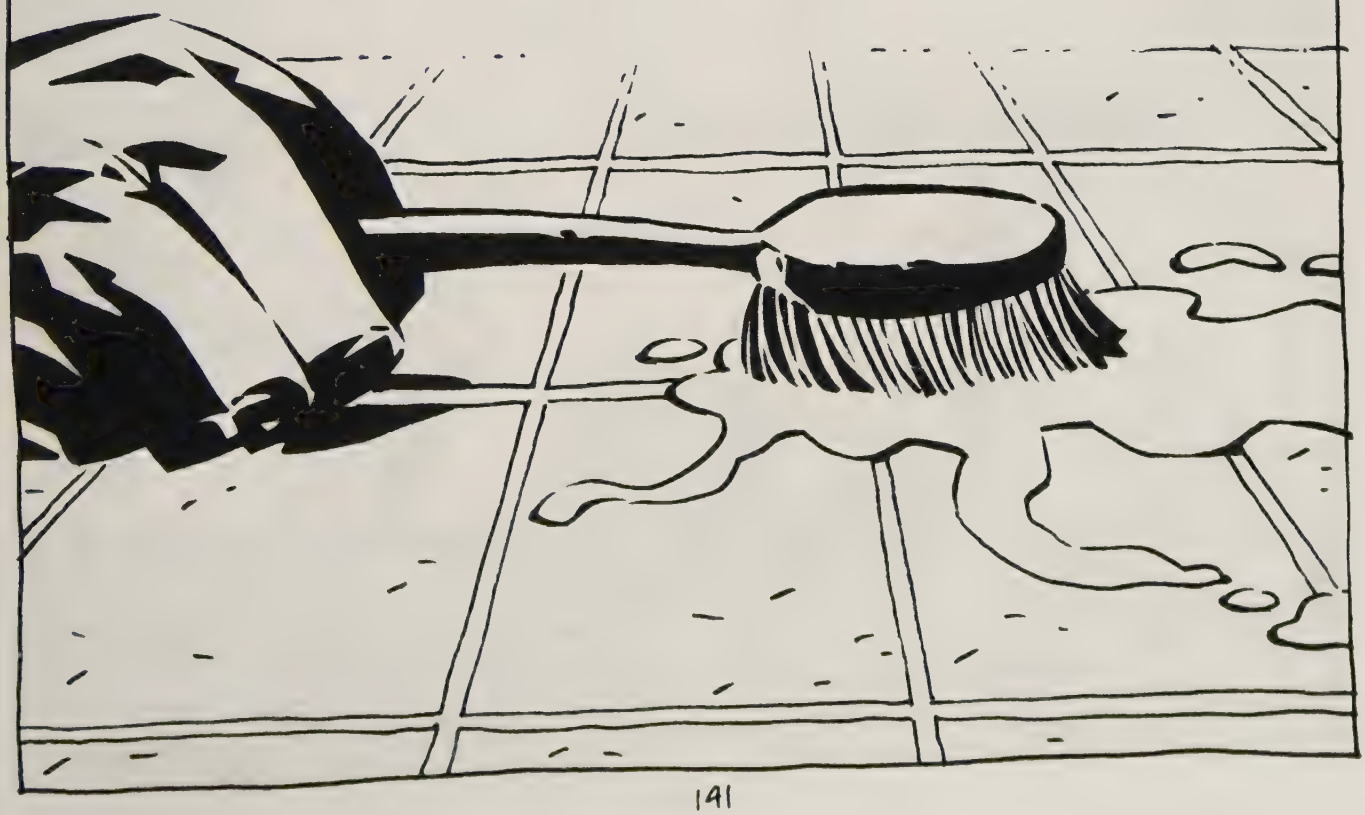
AAAAAH!!!
WHAT THA--?!!

YOU BITCH!
WHAT THE FUCK DID YOU DO, BITCH?!!
GAK!
OH, JESUS FUCK!! I GOTTA GET THE FUCK OUTTA HERE. OH SHIT...
SHIT. SHIT! OH SHIT!!

I GOTTA GET THE FUCK OUT OF--
AAAH!

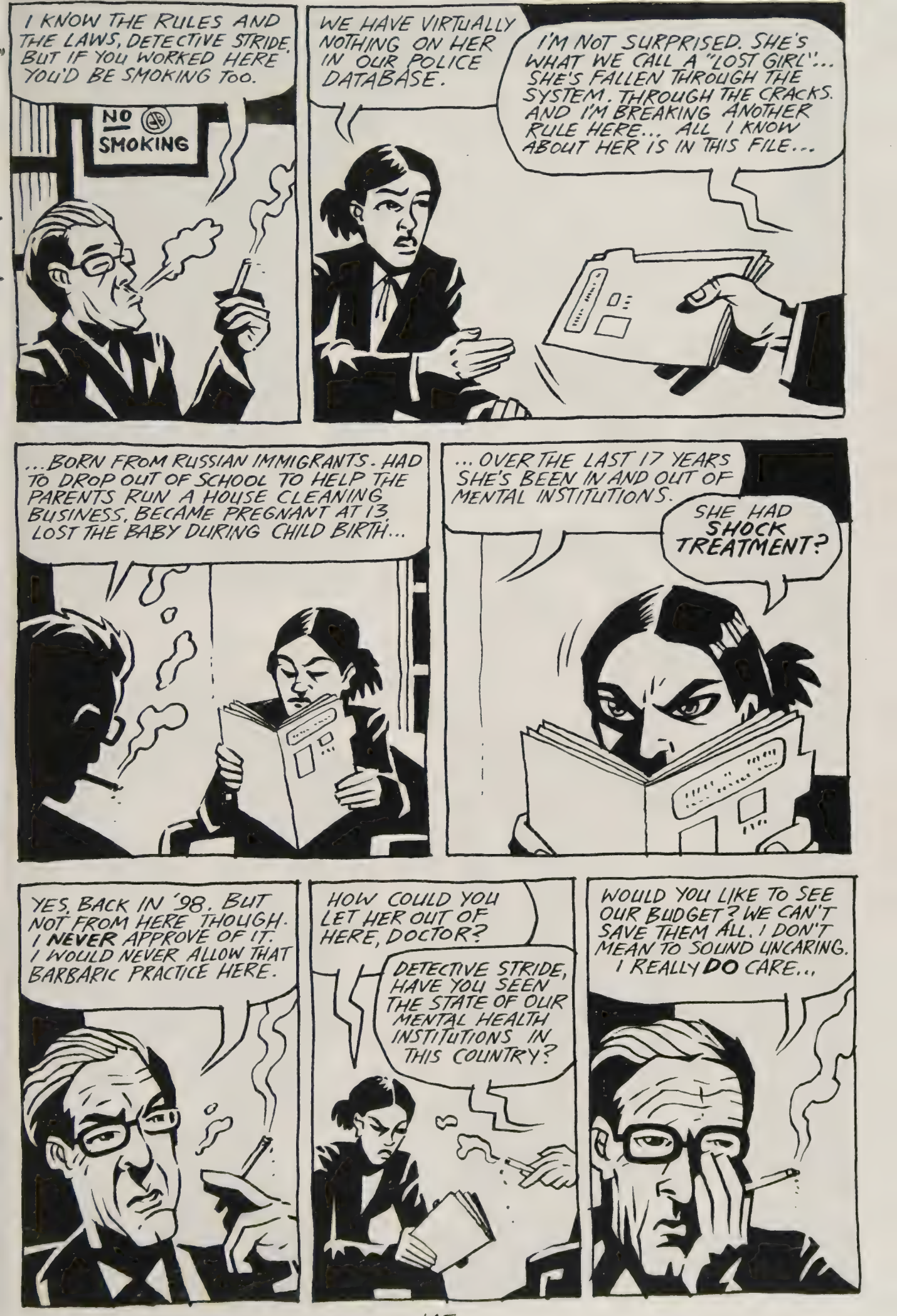
4
SANITARIUM BLUES

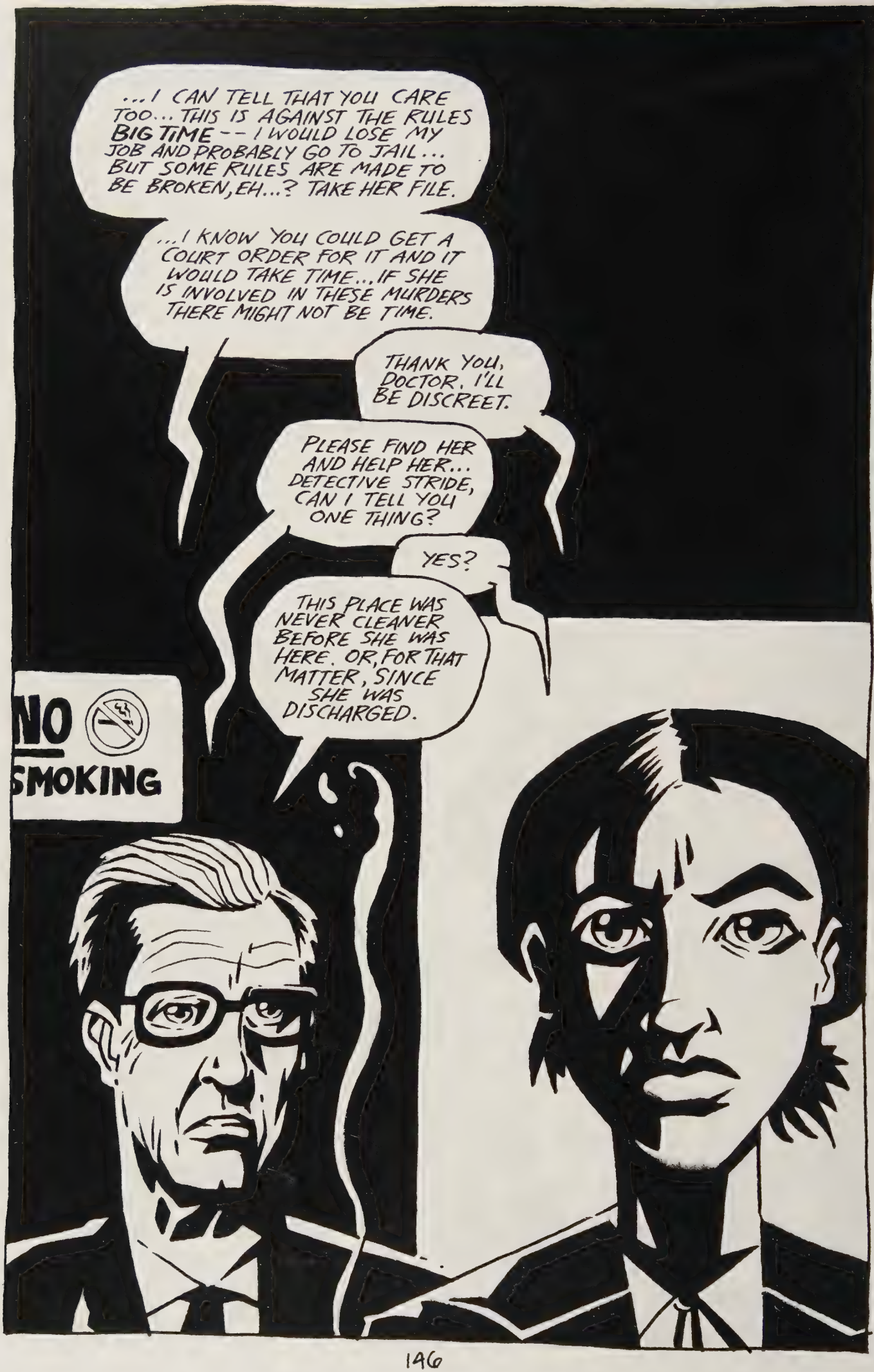
FREUDSTEIN
Psychiatric Hospital
13 · TERMAGANT · DR



FROM THIS VIDEO YOU CAN SEE SHE WAS O.C.D. BIG TIME. HER OBSESSIVE COMPULSION FOR CLEANLINESS WAS EXTREME...
...IT SEEMED TO GET WORSE OVER TIME AND NOT BETTER.
SO SHE WAS HERE FOR 26 MONTHS?
YES. BUT I'M CONFUSED. ALL THE TIME THAT SHE WAS HERE SHE NEVER DISPLAYED ANY TYPE OF VIOLENT BEHAVIOR. I DON'T SEE HOW SHE COULD BE INVOLVED IN MURDERS...
IT WAS ALWAYS ONLY ABOUT THE CLEANING.
TELL ME ONE THING...

THE WHOLE TIME SHE WAS HERE SHE NEVER TALKED TO YOU ABOUT ANYTHING? SHE NEVER SPOKE ABOUT HOW SHE FELT? ABOUT HER LIFE?
SHE NEVER DID TALK MUCH... AND SOMETIMES ONLY IN RUSSIAN...
... HER CASE HISTORY IS INTERESTING. A CLASSIC NEUROTIC...
Marlboro
... I ALWAYS THOUGHT THERE WAS SOMETHING MISSING. SOMETHING SHE WAS HIDING...
YOU DONT HAVE TO BE CRAZY TO WORK HERE... BUT IT HELPS!
... I TRIED TIME AND TIME AGAIN TO TALK WITH HER. I REALLY TRIED TO CONNECT WITH HER. BUT SHE WOULD ALWAYS SHUT DOWN...
... SHE SEEMED TO PLAY DUMB MOST OF THE TIME...
HANG IN THERE,
BABY!
... BUT I COULD TELL THAT SHE WAS SMART. A VERY INTELLIGENT GIRL.
NO SMOKING
I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND. WANT ONE?
NO THANK YOU.


I KNOW THE RULES AND THE LAWS, DETECTIVE STRIDE. BUT IF YOU WORKED HERE YOU'D BE SMOKING TOO.
NO SMOKING
WE HAVE VIRTUALLY NOTHING ON HER IN OUR POLICE DATABASE.
I'M NOT SURPRISED. SHE'S WHAT WE CALL A "LOST GIRL"... SHE'S FALLEN THROUGH THE SYSTEM. THROUGH THE CRACKS. AND I'M BREAKING ANOTHER RULE HERE... ALL I KNOW ABOUT HER IS IN THIS FILE...
...BORN FROM RUSSIAN IMMIGRANTS. HAD TO DROP OUT OF SCHOOL TO HELP THE PARENTS RUN A HOUSE CLEANING BUSINESS. BECAME PREGNANT AT 13, LOST THE BABY DURING CHILD BIRTH...
...OVER THE LAST 17 YEARS SHE'S BEEN IN AND OUT OF MENTAL INSTITUTIONS.
SHE HAD SHOCK TREATMENT?
YES, BACK IN '98. BUT NOT FROM HERE THOUGH. I NEVER APPROVE OF IT. I WOULD NEVER ALLOW THAT BARBARIC PRACTICE HERE.
HOW COULD YOU LET HER OUT OF HERE, DOCTOR?
DETECTIVE STRIDE, HAVE YOU SEEN THE STATE OF OUR MENTAL HEALTH INSTITUTIONS IN THIS COUNTRY?
WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE OUR BUDGET? WE CAN'T SAVE THEM ALL. I DON'T MEAN TO SOUND UNCARING. I REALLY DO CARE...


...I CAN TELL THAT YOU CARE TOO... THIS IS AGAINST THE RULES BIG TIME -- I WOULD LOSE MY JOB AND PROBABLY GO TO JAIL... BUT SOME RULES ARE MADE TO BE BROKEN, EH...? TAKE HER FILE.
...I KNOW YOU COULD GET A COURT ORDER FOR IT AND IT WOULD TAKE TIME... IF SHE IS INVOLVED IN THESE MURDERS THERE MIGHT NOT BE TIME.
THANK YOU, DOCTOR. I'LL BE DISCREET.
PLEASE FIND HER AND HELP HER... DETECTIVE STRIDE, CAN I TELL YOU ONE THING?
YES?
THIS PLACE WAS NEVER CLEANER BEFORE SHE WAS HERE. OR, FOR THAT MATTER, SINCE SHE WAS DISCHARGED.
NO SMOKING

BOM

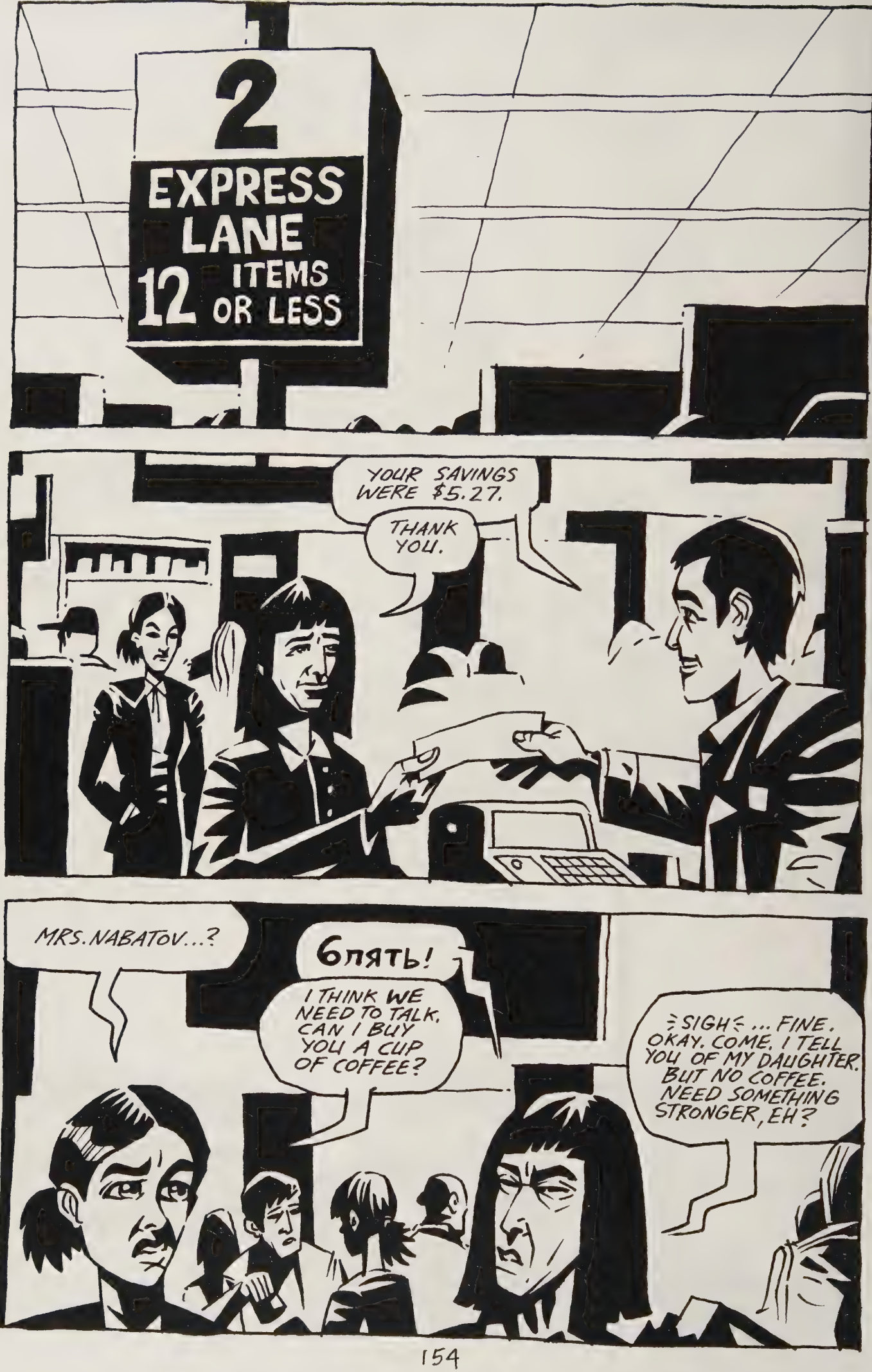
AOM

THIS THING HAVE NOT ANYTHING TO DO WITH U.S. YOU GO NOW.

MR. NABATOV, YOUR DAUGHTER HAS SOMEHOW BEEN INVOLVED IN A TRIPLE HOMICIDE... AND POSSIBLY MORE.
HEH. DAUGHTER? NYET. SHE IS NOTHING TO ME NOW. SHE IS...
Грязная шлюха.
OKAY. MAYBE I'M NOT MAKING MYSELF CLEAR. THIS IS IMPORTANT. THIS IS A POLICE INVESTIGATION. I NEED ANY INFORMATION YOU CAN PROVIDE.
...
COFFEE?

NYET.
MRS. NABATOV...?
I AM SORRY. PLEASE GO NOW.

SUPER B
FOODS


2
EXPRESS LANE
12 ITEMS OR LESS
YOUR SAVINGS WERE $5.27.
THANK YOU.
MRS. NABATOV...?
Блять!
I THINK WE NEED TO TALK. CAN I BUY YOU A CUP OF COFFEE?
=SIGH= ... FINE. OKAY. COME. I TELL YOU OF MY DAUGHTER. BUT NO COFFEE. NEED SOMETHING STRONGER, EH?

COCKTAIL
LOUNGE

WHAT CAN I GET FOR YOU, LADIES?
UH... VODKA? OR--
BOCK BEER
YOU THINKING VERY STEREOTYPE. NOT ALL RUSSIAN DRINK VODKA. I NEVER LIKE IT. GIVE ME A BUDWEISER. AMERICAN KING OF BEERS! AND ON DRAFT. TASTE BETTER.
UH. MAKE THAT TWO.

SO... MRS. NABATOV...?
DA... WE HAVE THE CLEANING BUSINESS.

...MY DAUGHTER. SHE -- WE COULD NOT... HOW SAID? WE NEEDED HER HELP WITH THE BUSINESS. SHE HAD TO LEAVE SCHOOL IN THE GRADE OF SIXTH. WE HAD TO WORK HARD. SHE A GOOD WORKER. WE GET JOB AT A COLLEGE. AT A HOUSE. A MEN'S COLLEGE HOUSE.
A FRATERNITY HOUSE?
DA. I THINK. A COLLEGE HOUSE OF MEN. THEY SEEM LIKE NICE BOYS. AND SHE IS 13. SHE WORKING THERE AND SHE IS BEAUTIFUL GIRL. ONE BOY LIKED HER. SHE SNEAK OUT AND GO TO SEE HIM... A THING HAPPENED.
WHAT "THING" HAPPENED...? WAS SHE RAPED?!
MRS. NABATOV? DID HE RAPE HER...?!!

...THEY.
JESUS. DID YOU FILE A REPORT ON THEM?
FAMILIES HAVE MONEY. THEY THREATEN... MY DAUGHTER WAS BORN HERE. SHE IS CITIZEN. WE ARE NOT.
JESUS CHRIST. THEY GOT AWAY WITH IT.
SHE BECOME PREGNANT. MY HUSBAND THINK SHE IS A TRAMP. SHE LOSE THE BABY... SHE GO CRAZY THEN... SHE BE CRAZY LONG TIME NOW.
WHAT ARE THEIR NAMES? THESE "BOYS"?
NO! IT WAS LONG TIME AGO! SO LONG AGO!! PLEASE! please. I CAN NOT HELP YOU... PLEASE! NO TROUBLE!!

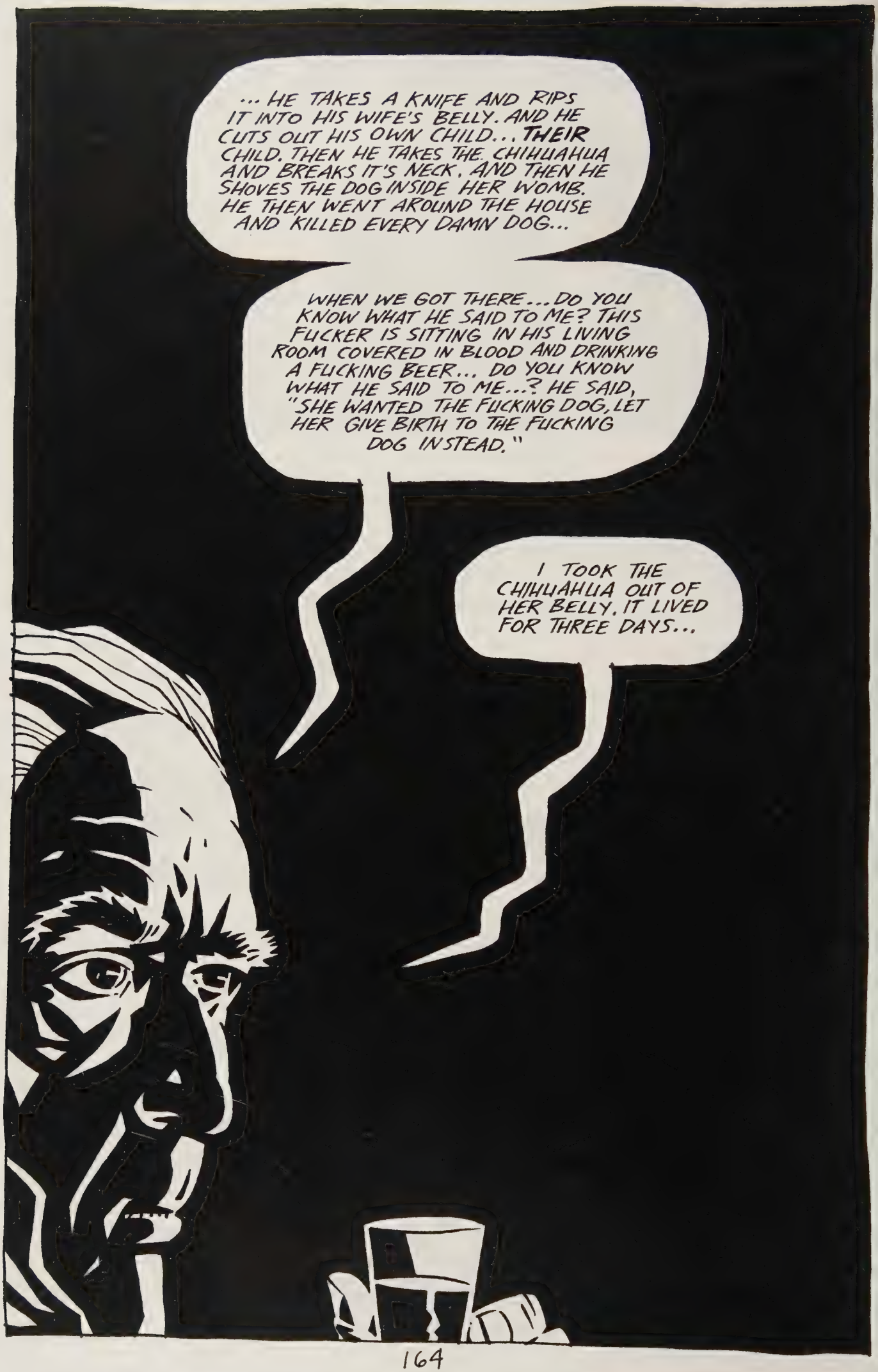
I'M TRYING TO FIND YOUR DAUGHTER. I WANT TO HELP HER.
I DO NOT KNOW HOW TO HELP YOU... IT BEEN THREE YEARS SINCE I SEE HER.
ANYTHING WOULD HELP, MRS. NABATOV.
I DON'T SEE HOW... BUT I GIVE YOU NAME OF THE COLLEGE. PLEASE... WILL YOU TRY TO HELP MY LITTLE GIRL...? I... I TRIED SO MANY TIMES TO HELP HER. WILL YOU BRING HER HOME?
I WILL. I PROMISE.
THANK YOU.

HOMICIDE UNIT
WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' HERE SO LATE?
WORKING.
WELL, YOU GIT... THIS IS ROBB'S ALONE TIME.
YOU BEEN DRINKING, ROBB...?

NAW...
...AW. MAYBE A LITTLE.
ROBB, UH. NO.
COME ON. JUST A LITTLE TODDY.
I GOTTA GO.
SO... NOW YOU'LL LET AN OLD MAN DRINK ALONE? I KNOW YOU'RE COLD, BUT THAT'S JUST FRIGID.
SHIT. OKAY. BUT JUST ONE, OLD MAN.
THAT'S THE SPIRIT.

I KNOW WHY YER HERE TONIGHT... AND I KNOW WHY YOU MADE DETECTIVE.
OKAY, ROBB. CAN YOU EVEN GO FIVE MINUTES WITHOUT INSULTING ME?
YOU'RE GOOD, ALEX.
WHAT...?!
YOU'RE GOOD. THAT'S WHY YER HERE AS A DETECTIVE. THAT'S WHY YOU'RE HERE TONIGHT... YOU CARE... I KNOW ALL ABOUT YOU. THE "HERO ROOKIE COP"...
...YOU MAKE DECISIONS HARD AND FAST. I ADMIRE THAT. KILLING A MAN IS NOT AN EASY THING... YOU GOT BALLS AND BRAINS... I'VE ADMIRED YOU.
UH. THANKS, BUT--
ROBB'S TALKING. SHUSH... SEE, I KNOW WHY YOU'RE HERE NOW. TONIGHT. IT'S THIS CRAZY "SHOTGUN CASE"... THIS GIRL. SHE IS ON SOME KIND OF RAMPAGE.
IT'S GETTING TO YOU. YER GETTING A BIT OBSESSIVE. I'VE BEEN THERE, ALEX.
PLEASE DON'T LET THIS CONSUME YOU.

THIS GIRL IS A VICTIM TOO. I THINK IF WE CAN FIND HER WE CAN SAVE ALL OF THIS FROM GOING EVEN MORE SOUTH THAN IT ALREADY HAS.
ALEX, LET ME TELL YOU A STORY. FROM WHEN I WAS A ROOKIE COP. BACK IN THE DINOSAUR DAYS. 1970 OR '71...SOMEWHERE THERE.
THIS WOMAN. SHE HAD A HOARDING HABIT. IT WAS DOGS. NOT CATS. SO SHE WOULD BRING EVERY DAMN STRAY DOG SHE FOUND INTO HER HOUSE. IT WAS DRIVING HER HUSBAND NUTS... AND IT JUST WENT ON AND ON.
THE HUSBAND HAD BEEN ARRESTED FOR DOMESTIC SEVERAL TIMES... A REAL WINNER. HE WOULD BEAT HER PRETTY BAD. BUT SHE'D TAKE HIS ASS BACK. IT WENT ON. I HATED HAVING TO BE CALLED TO GO THERE...
... SEE, THEY COULDN'T HAVE KIDS. I GUESS THEY TRIED. SO I GUESS IN HER MIND SHE WAS MAKING UP FOR IT WITH HER DOGS. HER MATERNAL SIDE MAYBE. I DON'T KNOW. SO THINGS ARE BAD WITH THEM... ALWAYS...
...THEN SHE GETS PREGNANT. A LATE LIFE PREGNANCY. SEEING SHE'S 47. YOU'D THINK THIS WOULD MAKE THEM HAPPY? OR AT LEAST STOP THE DAMN DOG HOARDING HABIT? NO. IT MADE THINGS EVEN WORSE...
... SO HE COMES HOME FROM WORK AND HE HAD ALREADY BEEN OUT DRINKING. DRINKING HARD. SO HE COMES HOME AND SHE'S GOTTEN THIS LITTLE CHIHUAHUA DOG...
THIS LITTLE THING. THE HUSBAND TAKES ONE LOOK AT THIS DOG... AND YOU KNOW WHAT HE DID...?


... HE TAKES A KNIFE AND RIPS IT INTO HIS WIFE'S BELLY. AND HE CUTS OUT HIS OWN CHILD... THEIR CHILD. THEN HE TAKES THE CHIHUAHUA AND BREAKS IT'S NECK. AND THEN HE SHOVES THE DOG INSIDE HER WOMB. HE THEN WENT AROUND THE HOUSE AND KILLED EVERY DAMN DOG...
WHEN WE GOT THERE... DO YOU KNOW WHAT HE SAID TO ME? THIS FUCKER IS SITTING IN HIS LIVING ROOM COVERED IN BLOOD AND DRINKING A FUCKING BEER... DO YOU KNOW WHAT HE SAID TO ME...? HE SAID, "SHE WANTED THE FUCKING DOG, LET HER GIVE BIRTH TO THE FUCKING DOG INSTEAD."
I TOOK THE CHIHUAHUA OUT OF HER BELLY. IT LIVED FOR THREE DAYS...

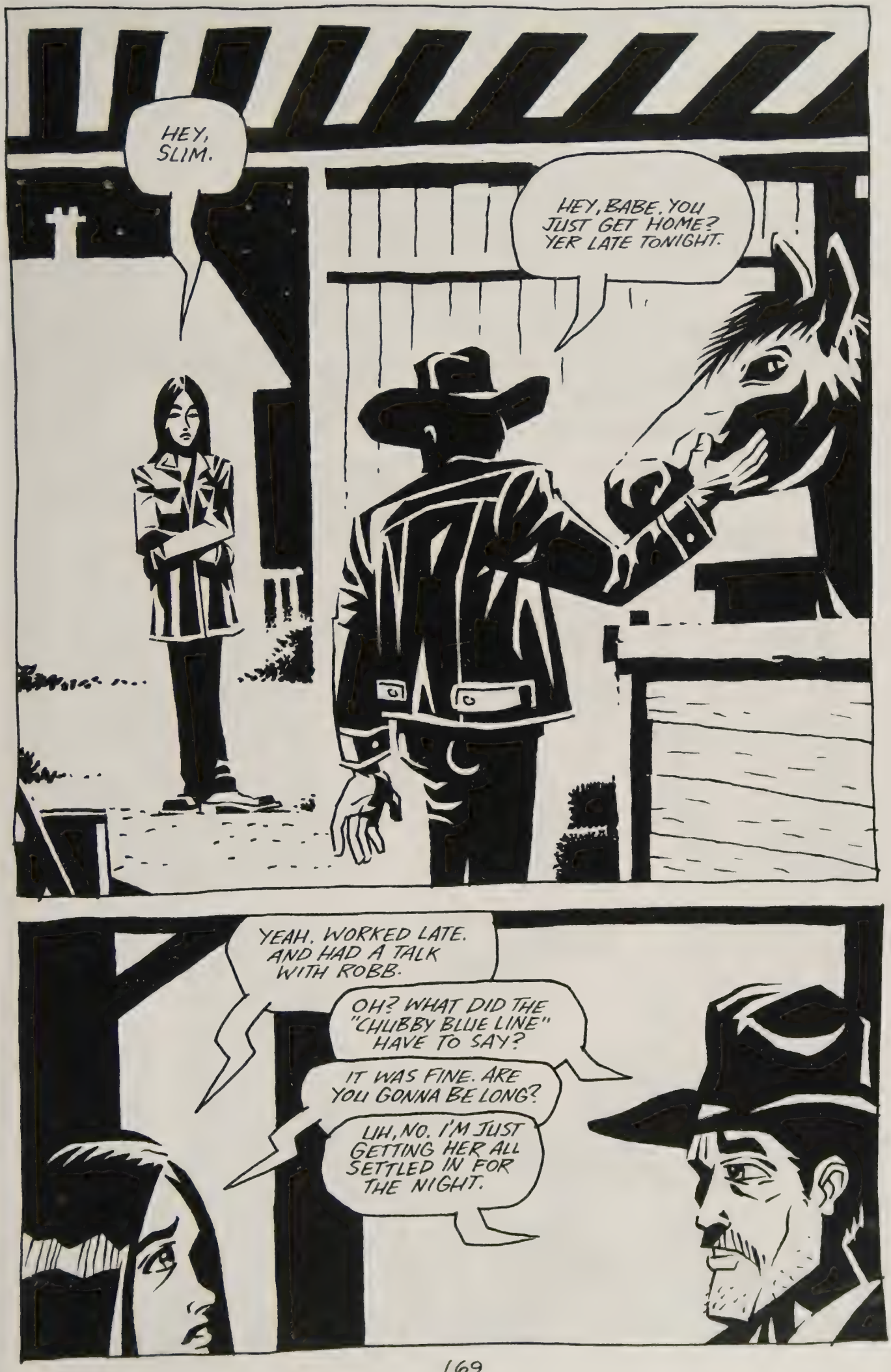
LIFE IS FUCKED UP, ALEX. PEOPLE ARE CRAZY. YOU CAN'T GET TOO CLOSE... NEVER GET TOO CLOSE TO WHAT HAPPENS IN THIS JOB.., TRUST ME.
DOES IT EVER GET TO YOU? THE JOB...?
... DO YOU EVER HAVE NIGHTMARES ABOUT WHAT YOU'VE SEEN?
HONEY, IF ANY OF US DIDN'T HAVE NIGHTMARES I'D WORRY ABOUT 'EM.
WANNA KNOW WHY I'M HERE TONIGHT? IF YOU DON'T WANT TO KNOW TOUGH SHIT, I'M TELLING YOU ANYWAY... I RETIRE IN TWO YEARS.
KINDA MORE LIKE "BEING RETIRED". THIS JOB IS ALL I GOT. I'M DIVORCED. NO KIDS. THIS WAS ALL I HAD LEFT. PATHETIC, EH?
GIRL, DON'T FORGET ABOUT THE LITTLE THINGS... DON'T END UP A SAD, OLD, DIVORCED FUCKER LIKE ME... NOW GIT THE FUCK OUT OF HERE TO THAT COWBOY OF YERS.
GOODNIGHT, ROBB. THANK YOU.

YEAH, YEAH. I GOT A REPUTATION TO KEEP, SO, ALEX... YER STILL A COLD BITCH.

I KNOW. AND YER STILL AN ASSHOLE, ROBB.
DAMN STRAIGHT.

HOMICIDE
UNIT

WELL... GILLY GILLY. YOU SAD OLD FUCKER.
HOMICIDE UNIT


HEY, SLIM.
HEY, BABE. YOU JUST GET HOME? YER LATE TONIGHT.
YEAH. WORKED LATE. AND HAD A TALK WITH ROBB.
OH? WHAT DID THE "CHUBBY BLUE LINE" HAVE TO SAY?
IT WAS FINE. ARE YOU GONNA BE LONG?
UH, NO. I'M JUST GETTING HER ALL SETTLED IN FOR THE NIGHT.

HELLO, ABBEY, YOU SWEETY. HOW IS SHE?
NOT SO GOOD. AS LONG AS SHE GOES INTO LABOR IN THE NEXT COUPLE OF DAYS IT SHOULD BE FINE.
SLIM?
YEAH...?
DARLING... COME TO THE HOUSE SOON.
OH HUP.

HOME
HOME

HOME

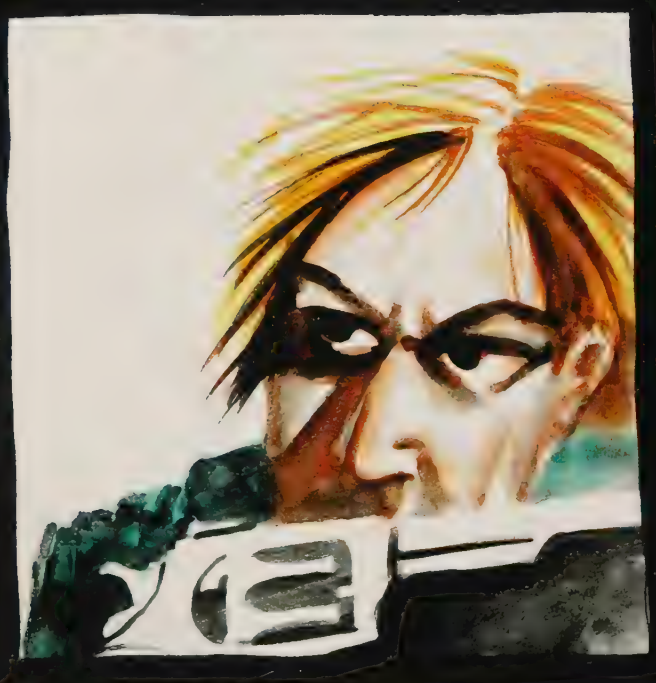
OVER HERE, STUD.
ALEX? WHAT'S UP WITH THE CANDLES?

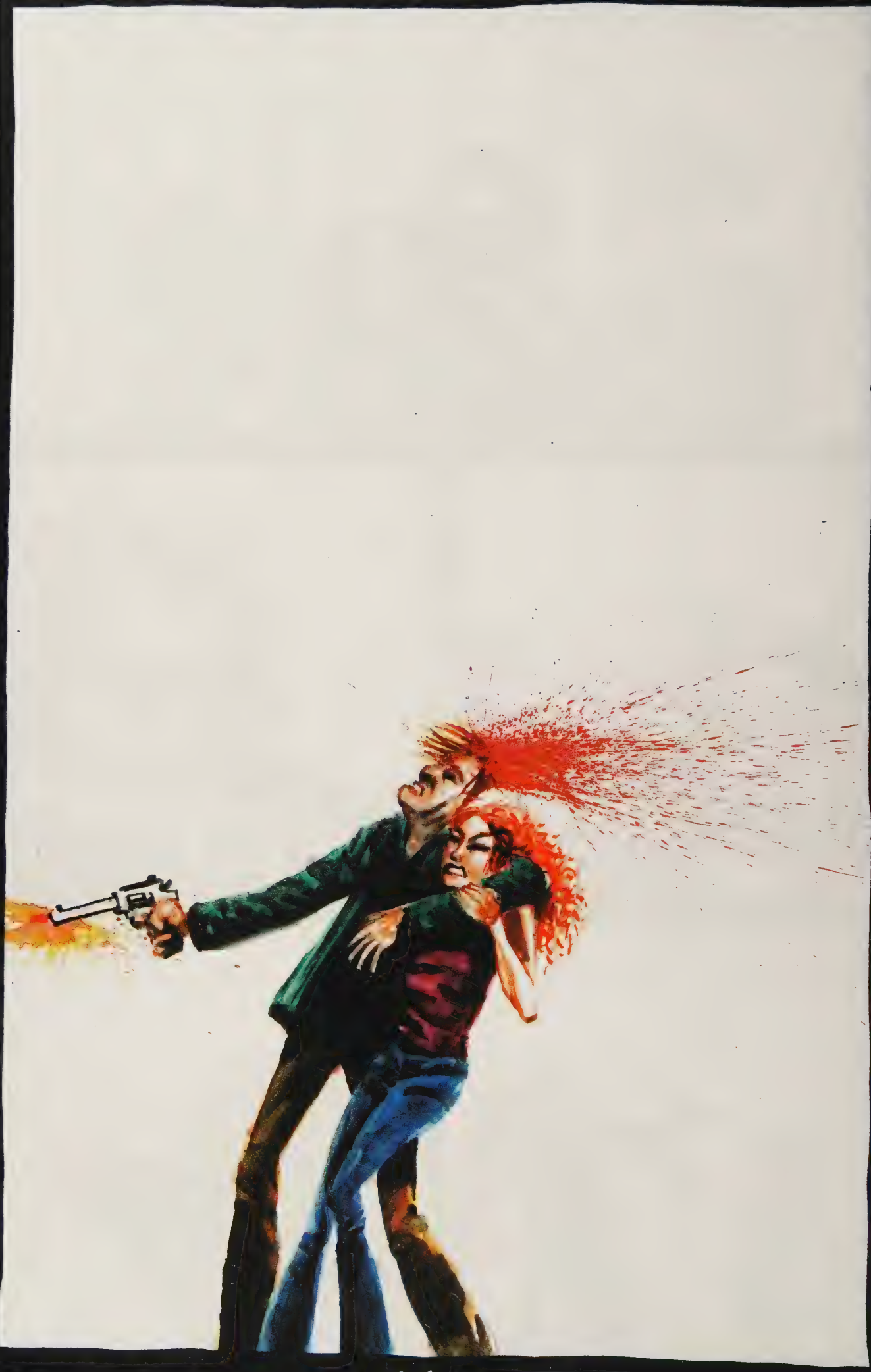
DAMN.
HUP.

"STUD"...? REALLY? JEEZ, YOU DORK.
COME HERE.
WAIT. LET ME GET A SHOWER.
HERE. NOW.
WOW.
WOAH! OKAY... YEAH. YOU SMELL LIKE HORSESHIT. PLEASE GO TAKE A SHOWER!
YOU COULD JOIN ME...?
NAW. GO WASH THE STINK OFF... THEN PUT SOME SMELL-GOOD ON. I'LL WAIT. GO! HUP!!

2:00 AM
2:01

POLICE





=YAWN= WHAT'RE YOU DOING UP? IT'S 3:00 AM.
WORKING.

NOW I CAN'T SLEEP. I'LL PUT ON SOME COFFEE THEN.
SAVE A HORSE RIDE A COWBOY
THANKS.
TALK TO ME, BABE.
HUP

THE FIRST MURDER. A RESPECTED BUSINESS MAN. A FAMILY MAN. THE CRIME SCENE SHOWS HER O.C.D. -- EVERYTHING WAS PRETTY MUCH SPOTLESS.
AND?
I DON'T THINK WE WOULD EVER HAVE FOUND OUT WHO SHE IS EXCEPT FOR THE SECOND CRIME SCENE. TWO PIMPS AND A PROSTITUTE. HER PRINTS AND BLOOD WERE EVERYWHERE...
SHE DIDN'T CLEAN IT UP. I THINK BECAUSE SHE HAD TO RUN OUT. I JUST CAN'T MAKE THE CONNECTION BETWEEN THE TWO. I DON'T THINK THEY ARE CONNECTED. SOMETHING WENT WRONG IN THAT MOTEL ROOM... I'M SURE OF IT.
WHAT WE DO KNOW IS HER FATHER DISOWNED HER. HER MOTHER IS A BROKEN WOMAN... HER MOTHER TOLD ME WHEN SHE LOST THE BABY SHE WENT CRAZY.
ALL THESE PHOTOS. THIS IS THE GIRL?
YEAH.
PRETTY GIRL.
JESUS, SLIM... SHE WAS GANG RAPED AT 13...
... I CAN'T HELP BUT THINK HOW LIFE CAN TURN IN DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS FOR PEOPLE. I CAN'T HELP BUT THINK IF THAT HAD HAPPENED TO ME AT THAT AGE...
...HOW WOULD I DEAL WITH THAT? WHERE WOULD I BE NOW...?

ALEX. STOP. DON'T GO THERE. STAY FOCUSED. WHAT ELSE YOU GOT?
HER MOTHER GAVE ME THE NAME OF THE COLLEGE WHERE SHE WAS RAPED. BUT I COULDN'T TRACK DOWN ANY FRATERNITY THAT IT COULD HAVE BEEN AT. AND IF THE FAMILIES DID COVER IT UP... GAH! IT'S JUST ANOTHER DEAD END.
AND IT TRULY IS ALL SPECULATION ON IT BEING HER ON THE FIRST MURDER. NO EVIDENCE...
...TRACING SHOTGUN SHOT AIN'T LIKE TRACING A BULLET. IT ALL COMES DOWN TO GETTING HER PRINTS AND BLOOD D.N.A. AT THE SECOND CRIME SCENE...
...AND THEN WE DON'T KNOW IF SHE HAS ACTUALLY KILLED ANYONE. WE HAVE NO PROOF OF WHAT HAPPENED. SHE'S JUST A SUSPECT FOR NOW.
HEY. THE FIRST VICTIM. WHAT COLLEGE DID HE ATTEND? WAS IT THE ONE THAT THE MOTHER TOLD YOU?
I ALREADY THOUGHT OF THAT, BABE. HE WENT TO A FANCY COLLEGE BACK EAST.
WELL, DID HE EVER ATTEND THAT COLLEGE? EVEN FOR A BIT OF TIME? AND DID YOU THINK ABOUT IT BEING AN OFF CAMPUS COLLEGE HOUSE? AND NOT A FRATHOUSE?
DAMMIT! I THINK YOU MIGHT BE RIGHT. MRS. NABATOV JUST SAID A "COLLEGE HOUSE" -- MAYBE IT WAS A PLACE THESE BOYS SHARED. IT WAS SO LONG AGO THAT THE FILES MIGHT BE HIDDEN AWAY.
I'M GONNA SHOWER AND GET TO THE STATION. GONNA USE THE BIG SUPER COMPUTERS!

=YAWN= OKAY. I'LL MAKE YOU A THERMOS OF COFFEE AND A BREAKFAST TO GO.
THANKY, STUD.
AW JEEZ.

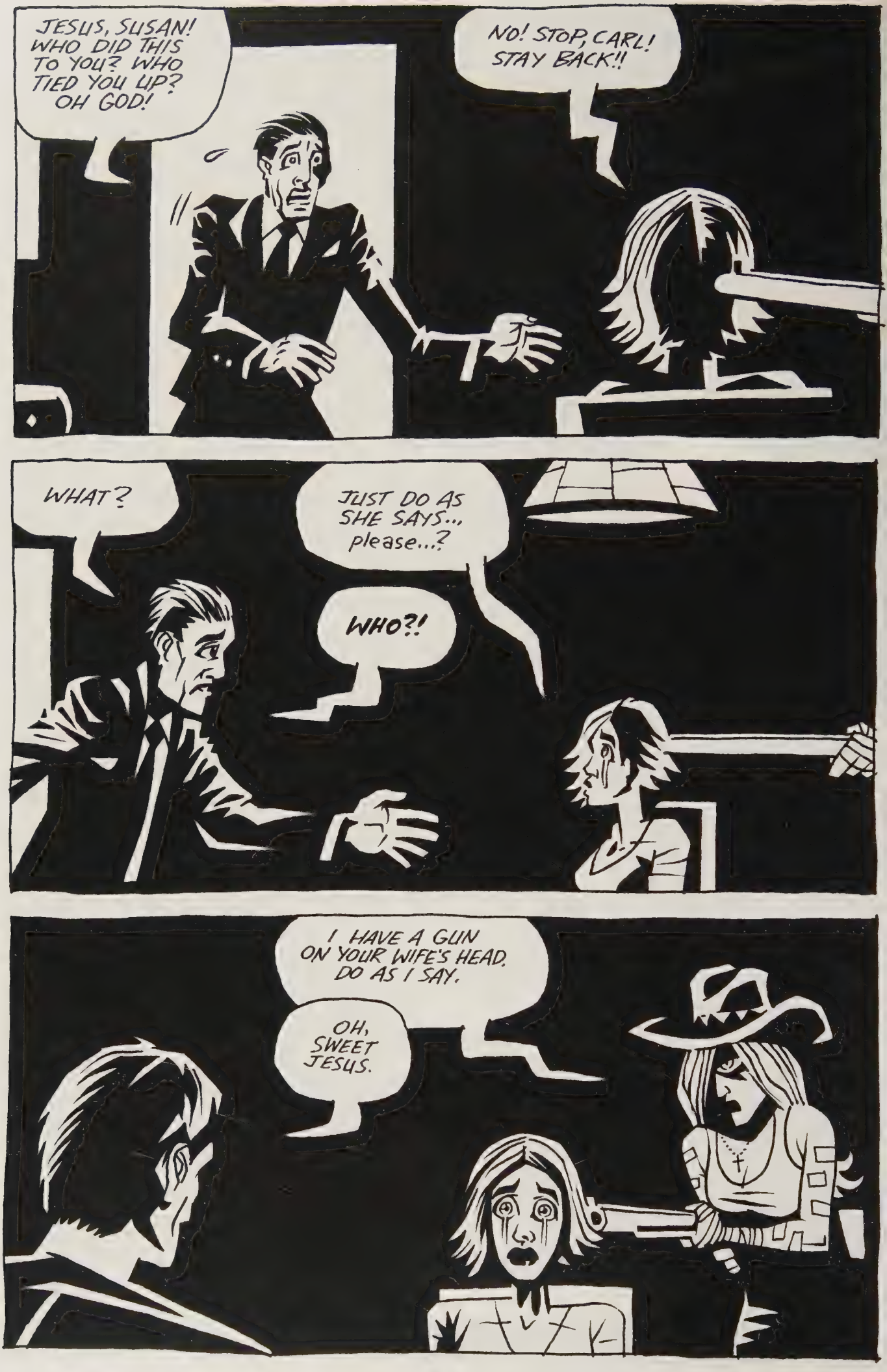
5
BLOOD OF EDEN

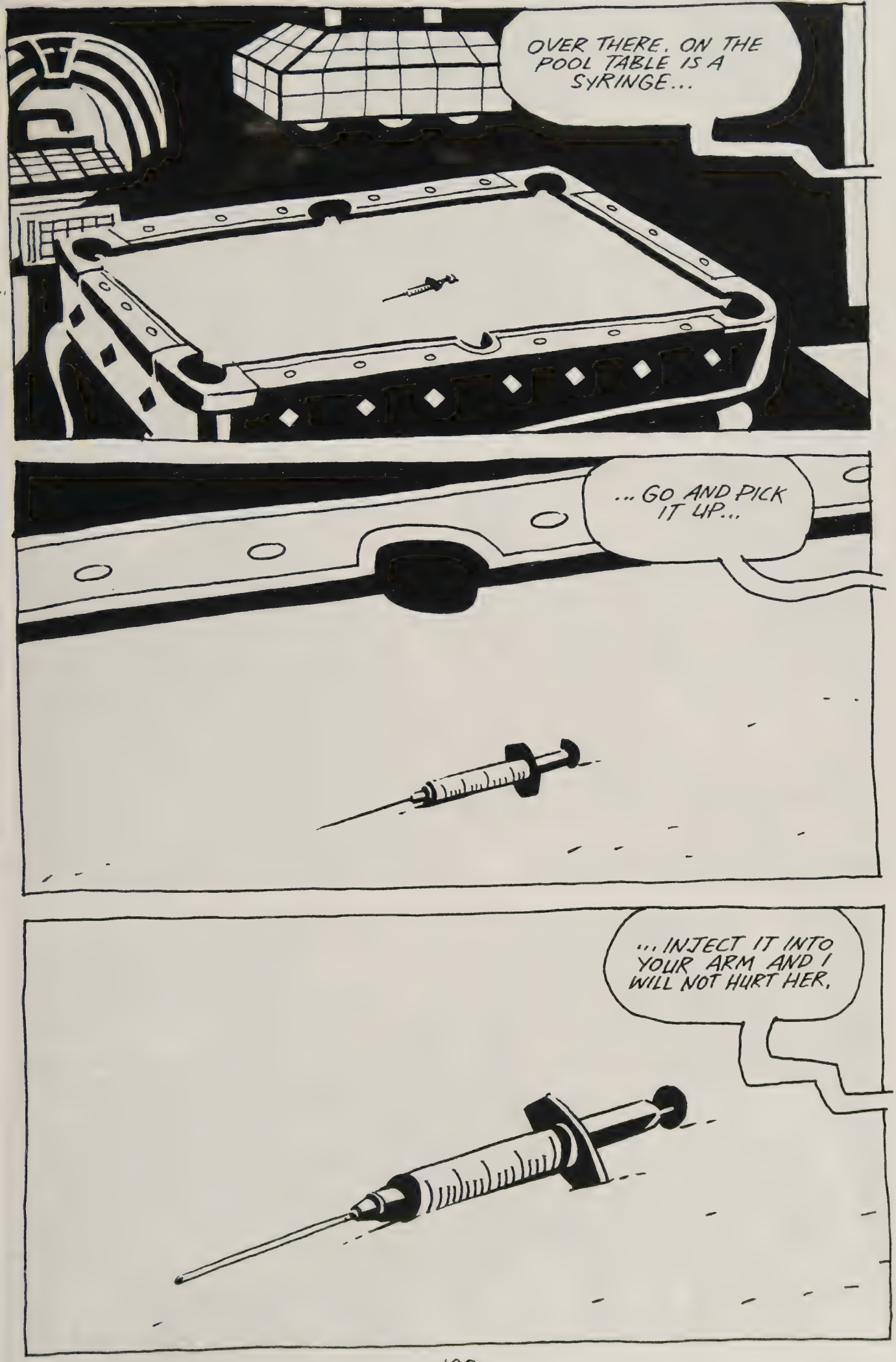
WHAT THE HELL?!!

SUSAN?
THERE'S BLOOD EVERYWHERE!!
SUSAN?! WHERE ARE YOU?!!
CARL!
SUSAN? WHERE??
IN THE BASEMENT! I NEED YOUR HELP!!

SUSAN!
HURRY! DOWN HERE! PLEASE!!

SUSAN!!


JESUS, SUSAN! WHO DID THIS TO YOU? WHO TIED YOU UP? OH GOD!
NO! STOP, CARL! STAY BACK!!
WHAT?
JUST DO AS SHE SAYS.., please...?
WHO?!
I HAVE A GUN ON YOUR WIFE'S HEAD. DO AS I SAY.
OH, SWEET JESUS.


OVER THERE. ON THE POOL TABLE IS A SYRINGE...
... GO AND PICK IT UP...
... INJECT IT INTO YOUR ARM AND I WILL NOT HURT HER.

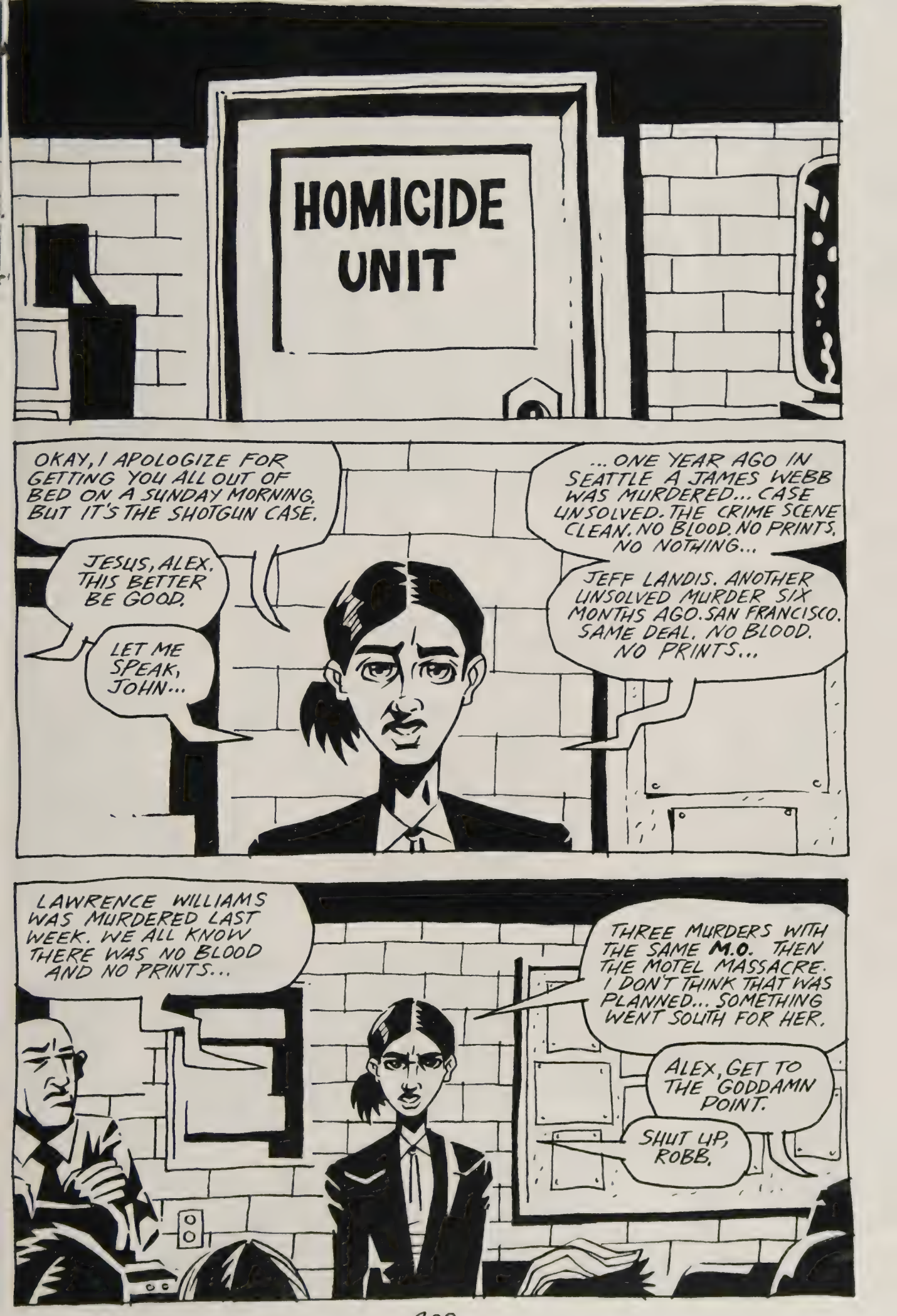
THIS IS INSANE.
TAKE OFF YOUR SHIRT, TAKE OFF YOUR SHOES AND YOUR SOCKS. THEN INJECT YOURSELF.
PLEASE, CARL.
THERE! OKAY?!
NOW INJECT.
JESUS.
Jesus---
=HUFF HUFF=
OH, GOD! AHHH!! YOU'VE KILLED HIM!!! =SOB SOB=

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!! YOU'RE GOING TO KILL ME TOO!! AHHHHH!!!
SHHH... I APOLOGIZE, BUT I'M GOING TO DUCT TAPE YOUR MOUTH SHUT. YOU ARE A DISTRACTION.
SEE... DOESN'T THAT MAKE IT NICE? LISTEN...
IT'S SO QUIET.
I LOVE THE QUIET.

QuickClot
QuickClot

YOU HAVE A LOVELY HOME...
I APOLOGIZE FOR THE MESS I'VE MADE...
I PROMISE YOU I WILL COME BACK AND CLEAN IT UP.
JUST BE STILL...
I THANK YOU FOR LETTING ME CLEAN MYSELF HERE... AND I THANK YOU FOR THESE CLOTHES I'M BORROWING...
... I WILL CLEAN THEM AND RETURN THEM TO YOU... THERE'S NO NEED TO BE SCARED...
... GOD TOLD ME THAT YOU ARE A GOOD PERSON... A GOOD WOMAN... A GOOD WIFE...
SMILE...

...YOU ARE A CHILD OF GOD.


HOMICIDE UNIT
OKAY, I APOLOGIZE FOR GETTING YOU ALL OUT OF BED ON A SUNDAY MORNING. BUT IT'S THE SHOTGUN CASE.
JESUS, ALEX. THIS BETTER BE GOOD.
LET ME SPEAK, JOHN...
...ONE YEAR AGO IN SEATTLE A JAMES WEBB WAS MURDERED... CASE UNSOLVED. THE CRIME SCENE CLEAN. NO BLOOD. NO PRINTS. NO NOTHING...
JEFF LANDIS. ANOTHER UNSOLVED MURDER SIX MONTHS AGO. SAN FRANCISCO. SAME DEAL. NO BLOOD. NO PRINTS...
LAWRENCE WILLIAMS WAS MURDERED LAST WEEK. WE ALL KNOW THERE WAS NO BLOOD AND NO PRINTS...
THREE MURDERS WITH THE SAME M.O. THEN THE MOTEL MASSACRE. I DON'T THINK THAT WAS PLANNED... SOMETHING WENT SOUTH FOR HER.
ALEX, GET TO THE GODDAMN POINT.
SHUT UP, ROBB.

THE GIRL WAS RAPED WHEN SHE WAS ONLY 13... BY THESE FOUR COLLEGE "BOYS." THEY GOT AWAY WITH IT AND THEN THEY ALL SEPARATED TO ATTEND SCHOOLS ACROSS THE COUNTRY. NOW TO FAST FORWARD ABOUT 18 YEARS AND THEY'RE LIVING THEIR LIVES WHEN THE KARMIC WHEEL SWINGS BACK AROUND---
AND SMACKS THESE PECKERWOODS SQUARE IN THE NUTS WITH FORCED VENGEANCE.
YES, ROBB. VERY ELEGANTLY PUT.

WAIT, ALEX, WE HAVE THESE THREE GUYS MURDERED. WHAT ABOUT THIS FOURTH GUY, CARL HOMESTEAD?
CARL LIVES HERE. I'VE SENT SOME BLUES TO HIS HOUSE TO BRING HIM IN.
AHEM.
FUCK YOU

VERY NICE WORK, DETECTIVE STRIDE. VERY NICE INDEED.
UH. OKAY. THANK YOU, MR...?
FUCK

OH, YES, ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF...
I AM F.B.I. SPECIAL AGENT TURMAN. I HAVE BEEN SENT DOWN HERE TO HELP WITH THIS INVESTIGATION.
FBI

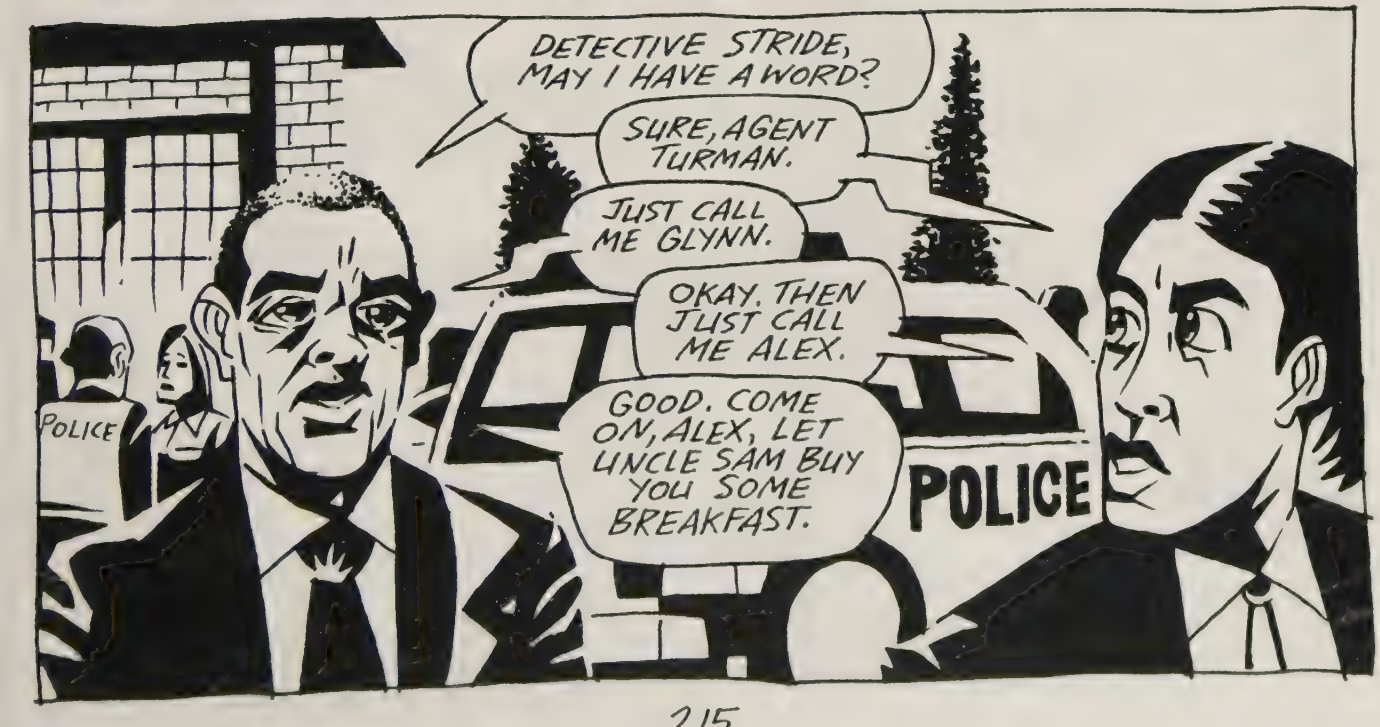
OH GREAT. NOW WE GOT A SPECIAL JIGGABOO FED UP OUR ASS.
JESUS, ROBB, SHUT THE FUCK UP, MAN.
FUCK YOU
DETECTIVE...?
FUCK YOU
ARE WE GONNA HAVE WORDS...?
NO, SIR. NOPE. NO WORDS.
DETECTIVE STRIDE!! WE HAVE A BIG PROBLEM!!!

POLICE
POLICE
911

WHAT MORE CAN I TELL YOU THAT I HAVEN'T SAID?!
SHE-- SHE CUT HIM. AND PUT STUFF ON HIM! SHE TAPED HIM UP!
WHAT "STUFF"?
I CHECKED. SHE PUT QUICK-CLOT ON HIM. SOMETHING WE USED TO CALL "MEDIC SUPERGLUE" BACK IN 'NAM...
IS THERE ANYTHING MORE, MRS. HOMESTEAD?
SHE DRAGGED HIM OUT BY HIS HAIR! HIS HAIR! WHO DOES THAT?!!
SHE HURT HIM BAD. OH, GOD, SO BAD...
AND SHE HAD THIS JAR... IT HAD A BABY IN IT! A FUCKING BABY!!
WHAT THE FUCK'S GOING ON? GOD! WHERE'S CARL?!!
WHO IS SHE??

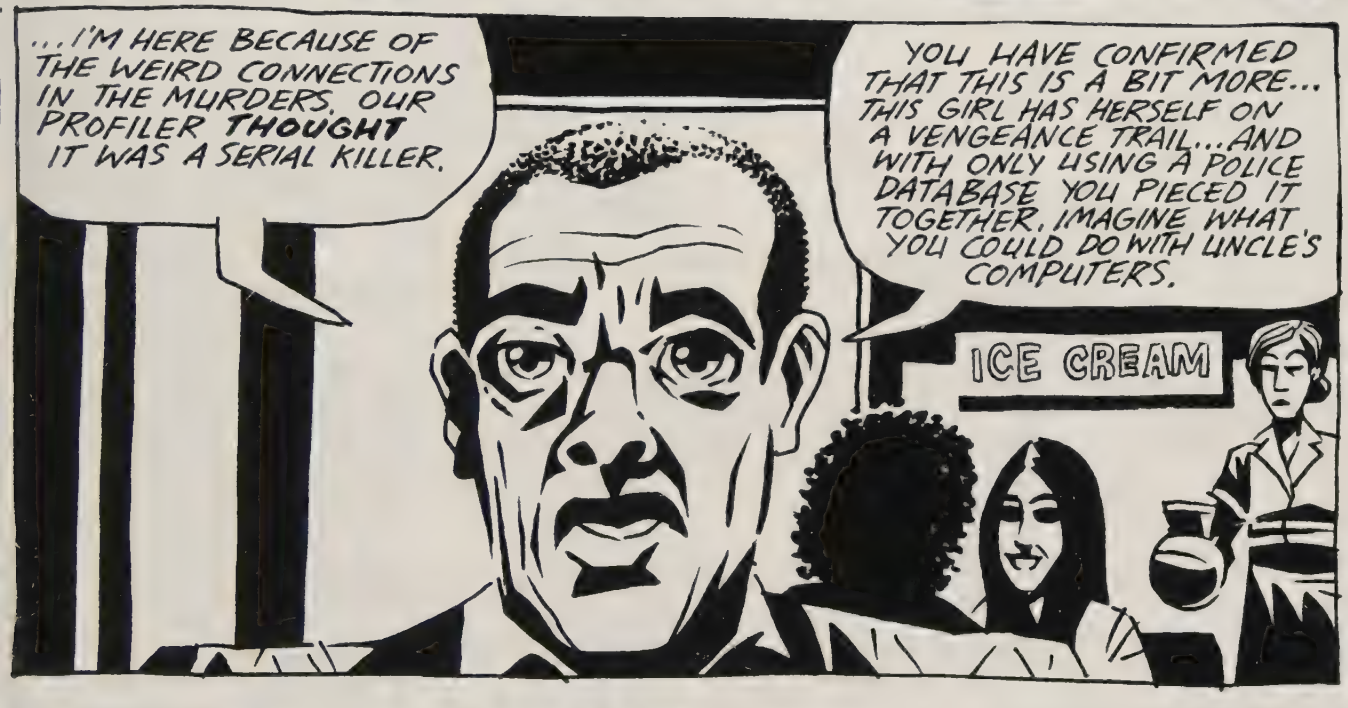
43
POLI

MAKE SURE MRS. HOMESTEAD GETS TO HER SISTER'S HOUSE SAFE, SIMMONS... AND MAKE DOUBLE SURE I GET AN IMMEDIATE CALL WHEN THEY FIND CARL HOMESTEAD'S CAR, OKAY?
YES, SIR.


DETECTIVE STRIDE, MAY I HAVE A WORD?
SURE, AGENT TURMAN.
JUST CALL ME GLYNN.
OKAY. THEN JUST CALL ME ALEX.
GOOD. COME ON, ALEX, LET UNCLE SAM BUY YOU SOME BREAKFAST.
POLICE
POLICE

EAT
IDEAL
Diner

ALEX, I'M IMPRESSED THAT YOU PIECED THIS TOGETHER... AND SO QUICKLY.
JUST DOING MY JOB AND GETTING LUCKY IS ALL.
NAW. YER GOOD. Y'SEE...


...I'M HERE BECAUSE OF THE WEIRD CONNECTIONS IN THE MURDERS. OUR PROFILER **THOUGHT** IT WAS A SERIAL KILLER.
YOU HAVE CONFIRMED THAT THIS IS A BIT MORE... THIS GIRL HAS HERSELF ON A VENGEANCE TRAIL...AND WITH ONLY USING A POLICE DATABASE YOU PIECED IT TOGETHER. IMAGINE WHAT YOU COULD DO WITH UNCLE'S COMPUTERS.
ICE CREAM

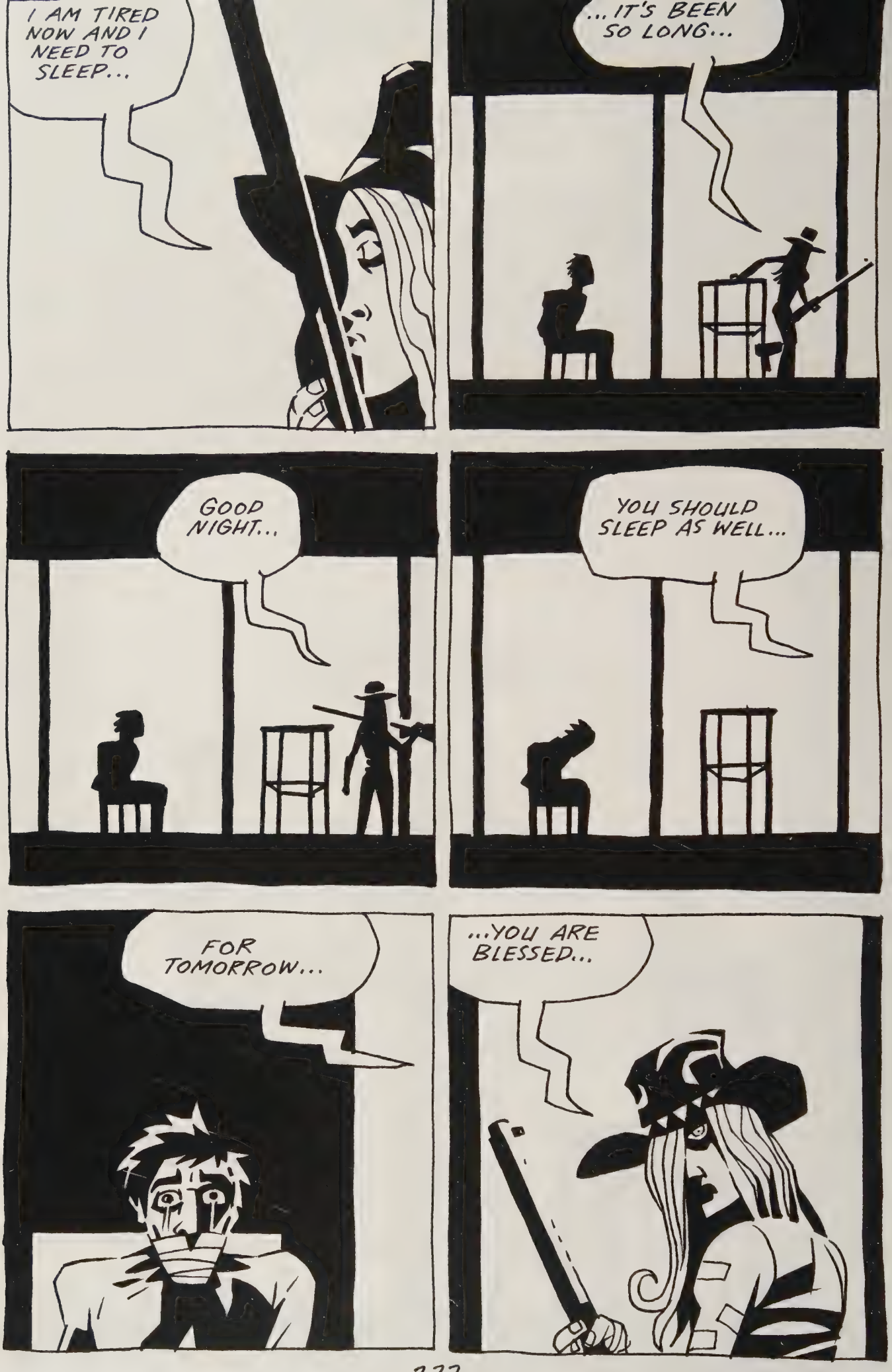
YEAH... BUT NOW IT'S ALL A DEAD END. WELL, UNTIL...
UNTIL HIS BODY IS FOUND, EH?

DANGER
CONSTRUCTION
AREA

MMM---
HUMPF! HUMPF!!
YOU'RE FINALLY AWAKE THEN?
GOOD. NOW LISTEN TO ME...

...DON'T STRUGGLE.
I SLIT YOUR WRISTS...

... IF YOU TRY TO STRUGGLE YOU WILL RIP THE DUCT TAPE AND BLEED OUT...
AND IF YOU DID GET FREE YOU COULDN'T RUN.. I BROKE YOUR ANKLES.


I AM TIRED NOW AND I NEED TO SLEEP...
...IT'S BEEN SO LONG...
GOOD NIGHT...
YOU SHOULD SLEEP AS WELL...
FOR TOMORROW...
...YOU ARE BLESSED...

...YOU MEET GOD.

SLIM...? HEY, SLIM, ARE YOU OUT HERE?

SLIM? HEY, I'VE BEEN TRYING TO CALL YOU.
ALEX!
GET YER ASS IN HERE NOW!! IT'S DYSTOCIA!
OH SHIT!
KEEP HER UP! KEEP HER STANDING! DON'T LET HER LAY DOWN! CALM HER!!
HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN?
25 MINUTES... JUST KEEP HER CALM.

SHHH, ABBY... IT'LL BE ALL RIGHT. THAT'S IT. THAT'S A GOOD GIRL...
HUFF
SUCH A GOOD GIRL.

JESUS...PLEASE! COME ON... COME ON!
PLEASE---
I GOT THE BUGGER!
I GOT IT!!

BREATHE!

BREATHE, DAMN YOU!!
PLEASE BREATHE!
PLEASE.

:CAFF CAFF:

OH, THANK CHRIST.
CAFF CAFF

HEY, ABBY...
... YOU'RE A MOMMA.

HUFF
HUFF

6
KNOCKING ON HEAVEN'S DOOR

LORD... MY JOB IS NEARLY DONE...
...AND I AM TIRED. I WANT EVERYTHING TO BE OVER... I WANT TO SLEEP AGAIN LIKE I USED TO...
I WANT TO GO HOME...

I WANT THE NIGHTMARES TO END. I WANT THE PAIN IN MY HEAD TO END...
PLEASE, GOD... I HAVE NEVER ASKED YOU FOR MUCH...
PLEASE...
Please, GOD...

PLEASE LET ME GO HOME.

BZZZT
HAVE GUN WILL TRAVEL READS THE CARD OF A MAN
HELLO?
YES! WHERE? I'LL BE THERE IN 15 MINUTES. CALL SWAT AND SOME BLUES...
DO NOT DO ANYTHING TILL I GET THERE, SIMMONS!
5:01

DID THEY FIND THE GIRL?
NO. HIS CAR. I GOTTA GO, SLIM.
ALEX... BE CAREFUL ...
PLEASE...?
...

43

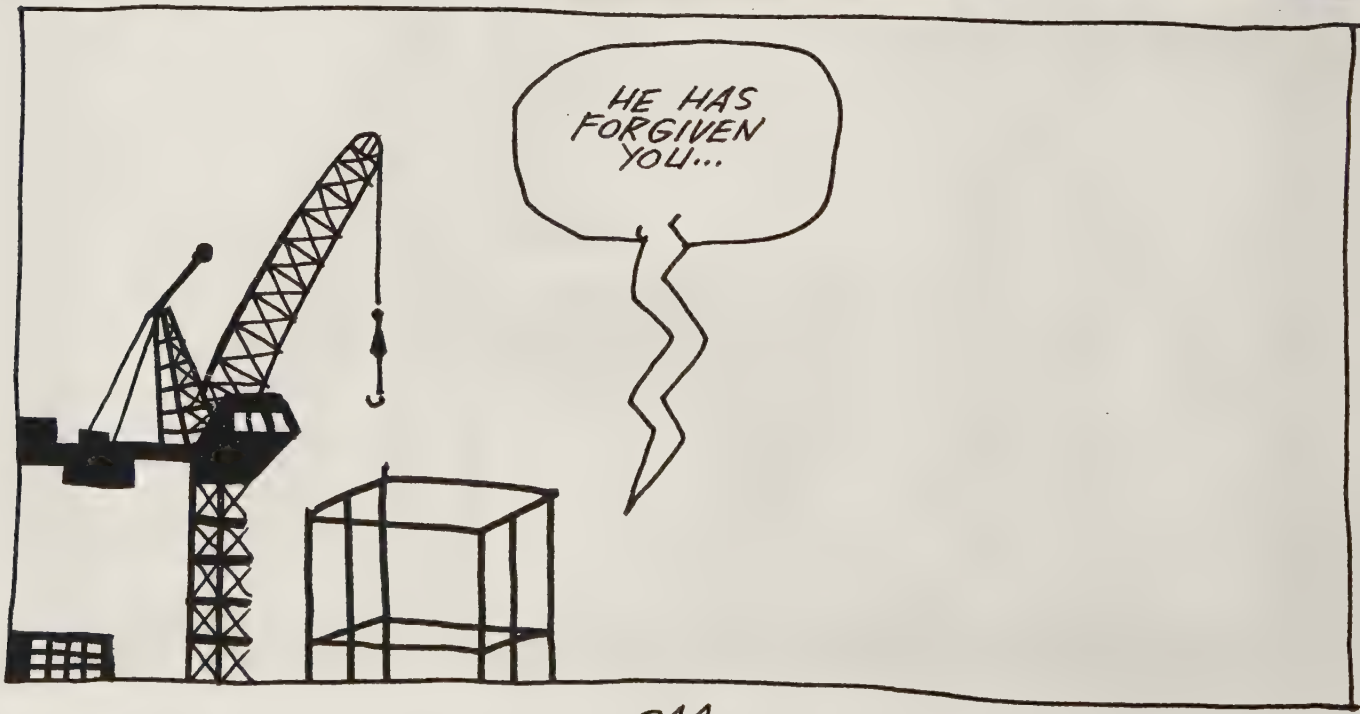
CHRIST, DETECTIVE STRIDE, THAT WAS FAST. EVEN SWAT AIN'T GOT HERE YET.
YUP. THIS HIS CAR, SIMMONS?
YEAH. LOTSA BLOOD. IS THIS BITCH CRAZY, MA'AM?
WHAT'S HERE? WHAT'S ALL AROUND THIS AREA?
WHAT'S THAT OVER THERE?
UH...BUILDING A NEW HOSPITAL. I THINK IT'S ST. ROSE HOSPITAL.
SHE'S THERE. LET'S GO.
SURE. WHY NOT.

YOU TRIED TO GET AWAY.
SILLY BOY...
I TOLD YOU WHAT WOULD HAPPEN DIDN'T I...?
NOW YOU'RE BLEEDING EVERYWHERE AND ARE MAKING A MESS...

THERE... NOW IT IS TIME.
MUMPF FUMF!

THIS IS GOD...

HE SPOKE TO ME THIS MORNING...

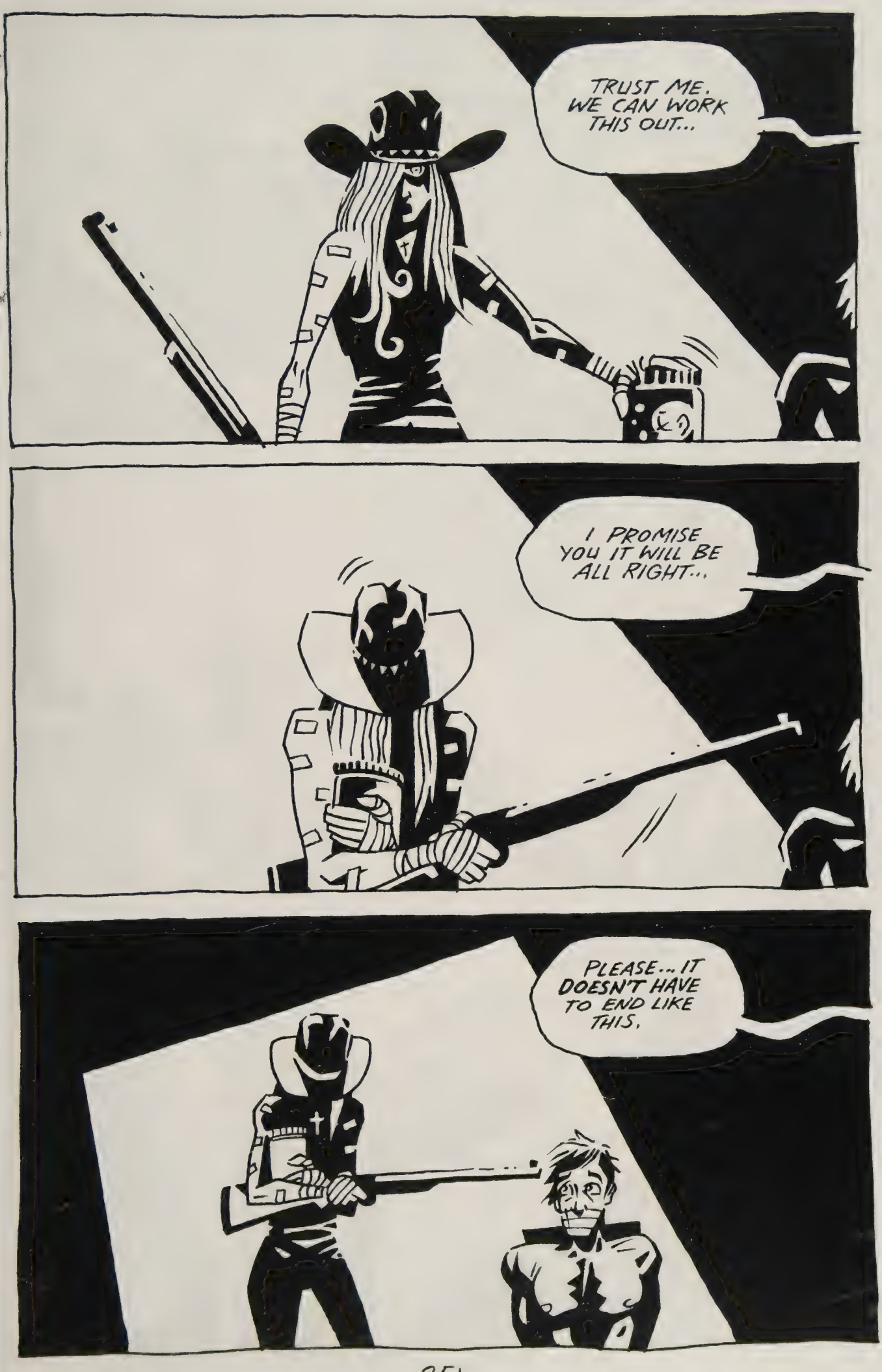

HE HAS FORGIVEN YOU...

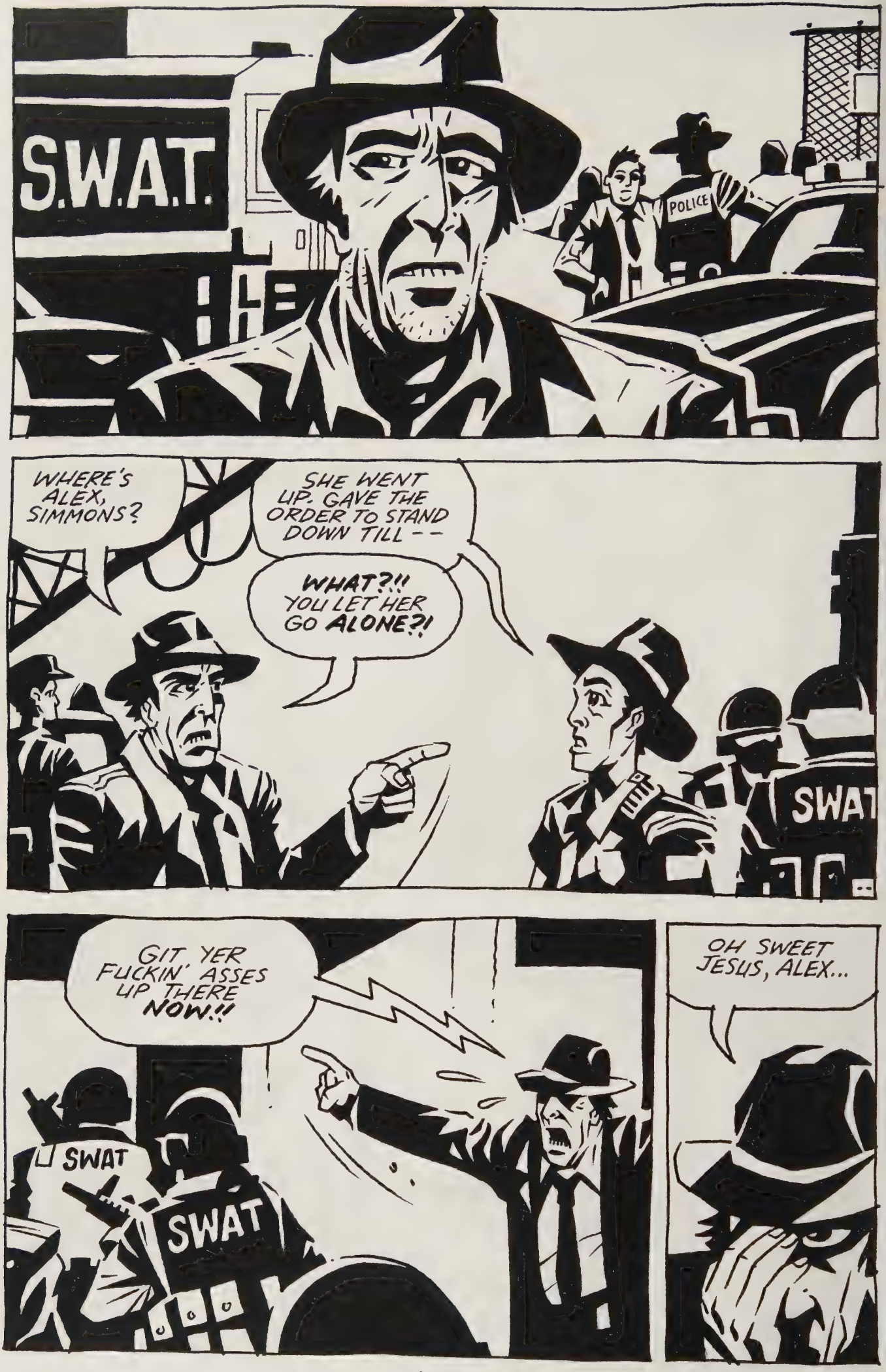
FUTURE SITE OF ST. ROSE HOSPITAL
YOU WAIT FOR BACK-UP, SIMMONS.
SIR, I CAN'T LET YOU GO IN ALONE--
I GAVE YOU AN ORDER, OFFICER... JUST HOLD EVERYONE DOWN HERE UNTIL YOU HEAR FROM ME. UNDERSTAND?
YES, SIR... WELL... SHEEEIT.

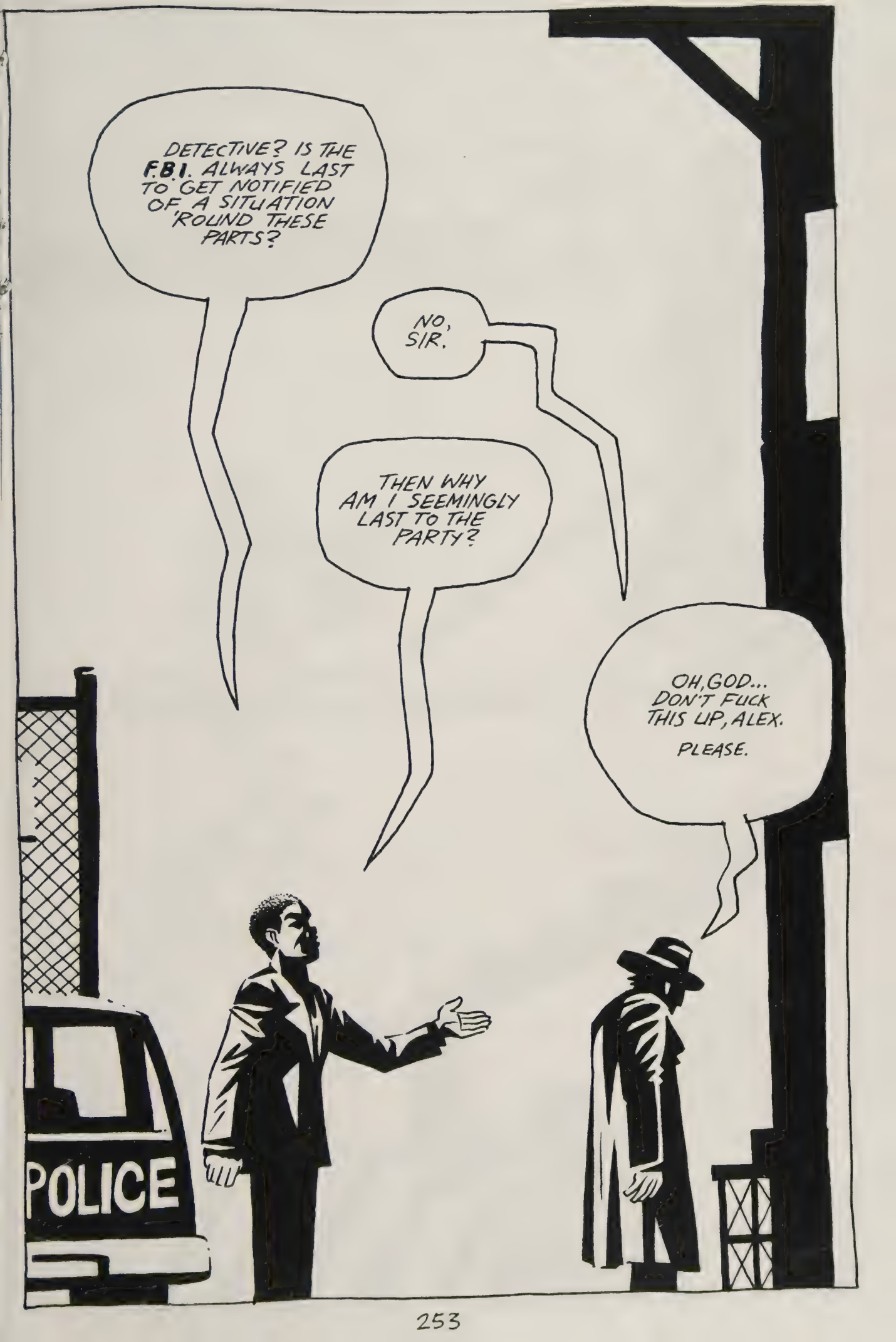
...THE WORD OF GOD IS DIVINE...
THE WORD OF GOD IS ALL THERE IS...
ALL OTHER WORDS MATTER NONE...

...AND NOW THE TIME FOR WORDS ARE AT AN END--
PLEASE STOP.
DON'T DO THIS... please...
I KNOW HOW MUCH YOU HAVE HAD TO ENDURE...
HE DESERVES TO BE PUNISHED. I AGREE...
BUT NOT LIKE THIS. PLEASE LISTEN TO ME...

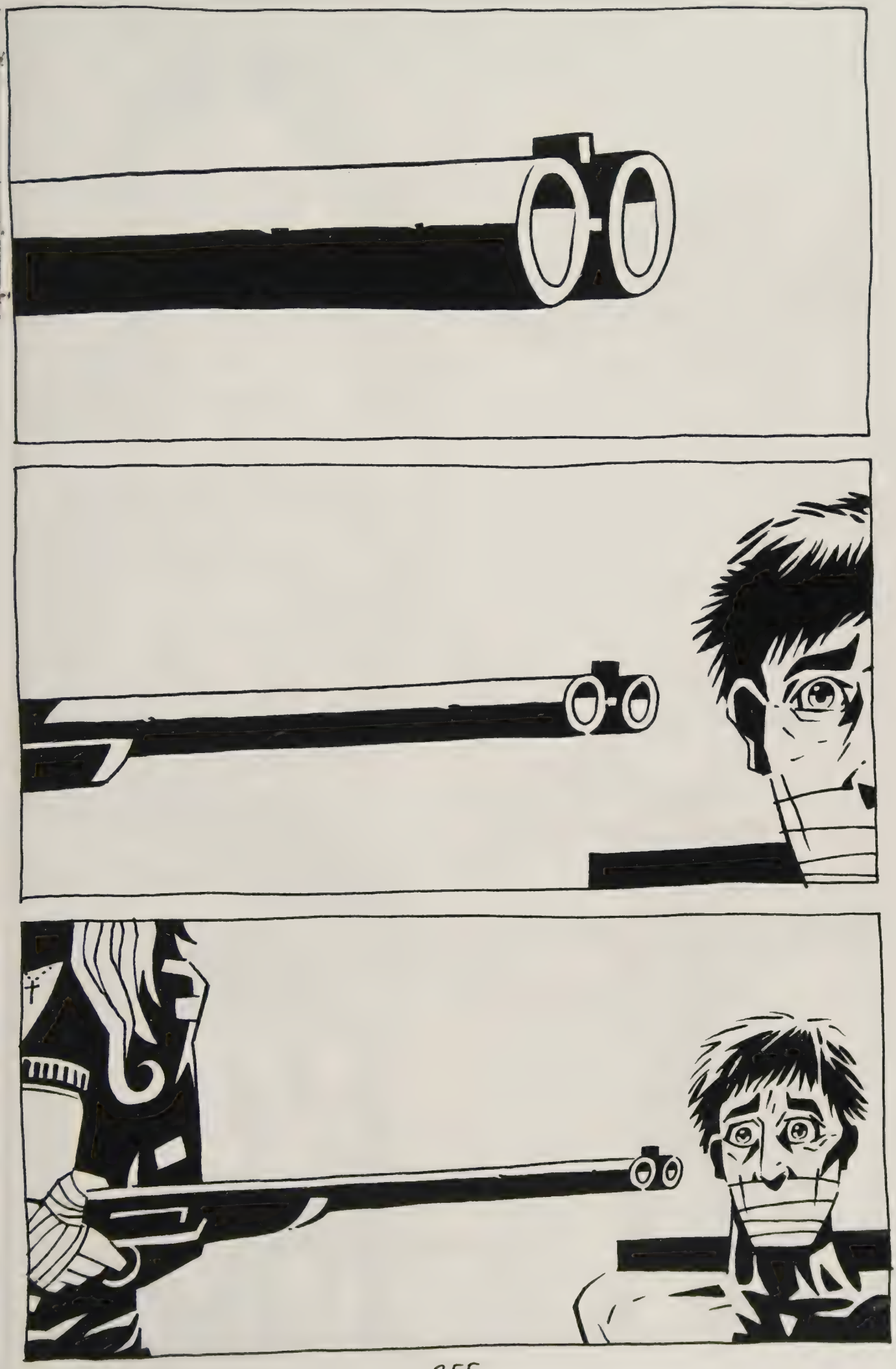
OKAY... I'M GOING TO PUT DOWN MY GUN. I AM NOT HERE TO HURT YOU.
SEE? MY GUN IS ON THE GROUND... CAN WE TALK NOW? PLEASE?
THINK ABOUT ALL OF THIS. IT DOESN'T HAVE TO END THIS WAY...
I UNDERSTAND. I KNOW WHAT YOU HAVE BEEN THROUGH.


TRUST ME. WE CAN WORK THIS OUT...
I PROMISE YOU IT WILL BE ALL RIGHT...
PLEASE... IT DOESN'T HAVE TO END LIKE THIS.


S.W.A.T.
POLICE
WHERE'S ALEX, SIMMONS?
SHE WENT UP. GAVE THE ORDER TO STAND DOWN TILL --
WHAT?!! YOU LET HER GO ALONE?!
SWAT
GIT YER FUCKIN' ASSES UP THERE NOW!!
SWAT
SWAT
OH SWEET JESUS, ALEX...


DETECTIVE? IS THE F.B.I. ALWAYS LAST TO GET NOTIFIED OF A SITUATION 'ROUND THESE PARTS?
NO, SIR.
THEN WHY AM I SEEMINGLY LAST TO THE PARTY?
OH, GOD... DON'T FUCK THIS UP, ALEX.
PLEASE.
POLICE

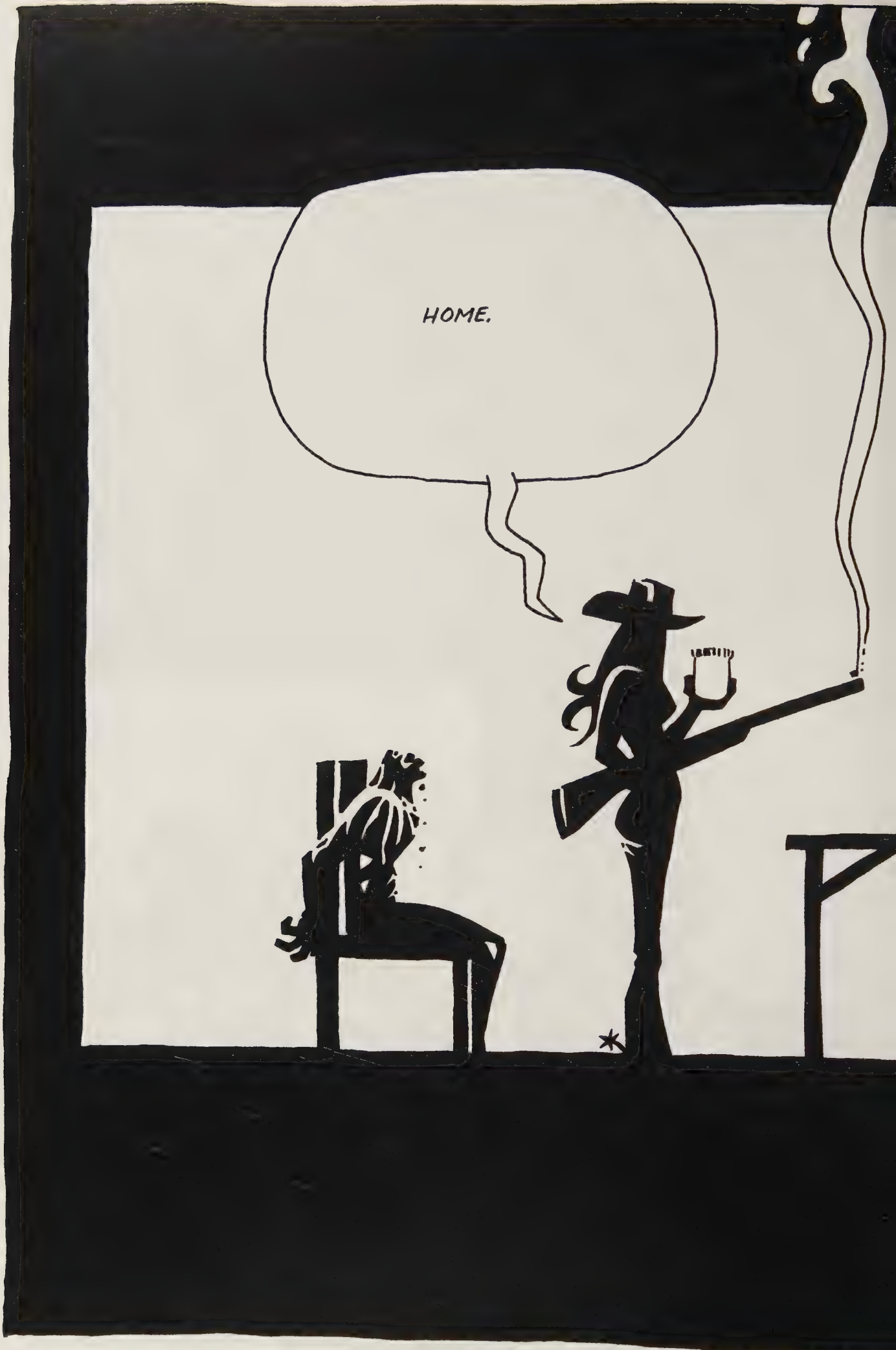
SWAT



NO.

Ты пришла, чтобы отвести меня домой...?

POLICE
POLICE

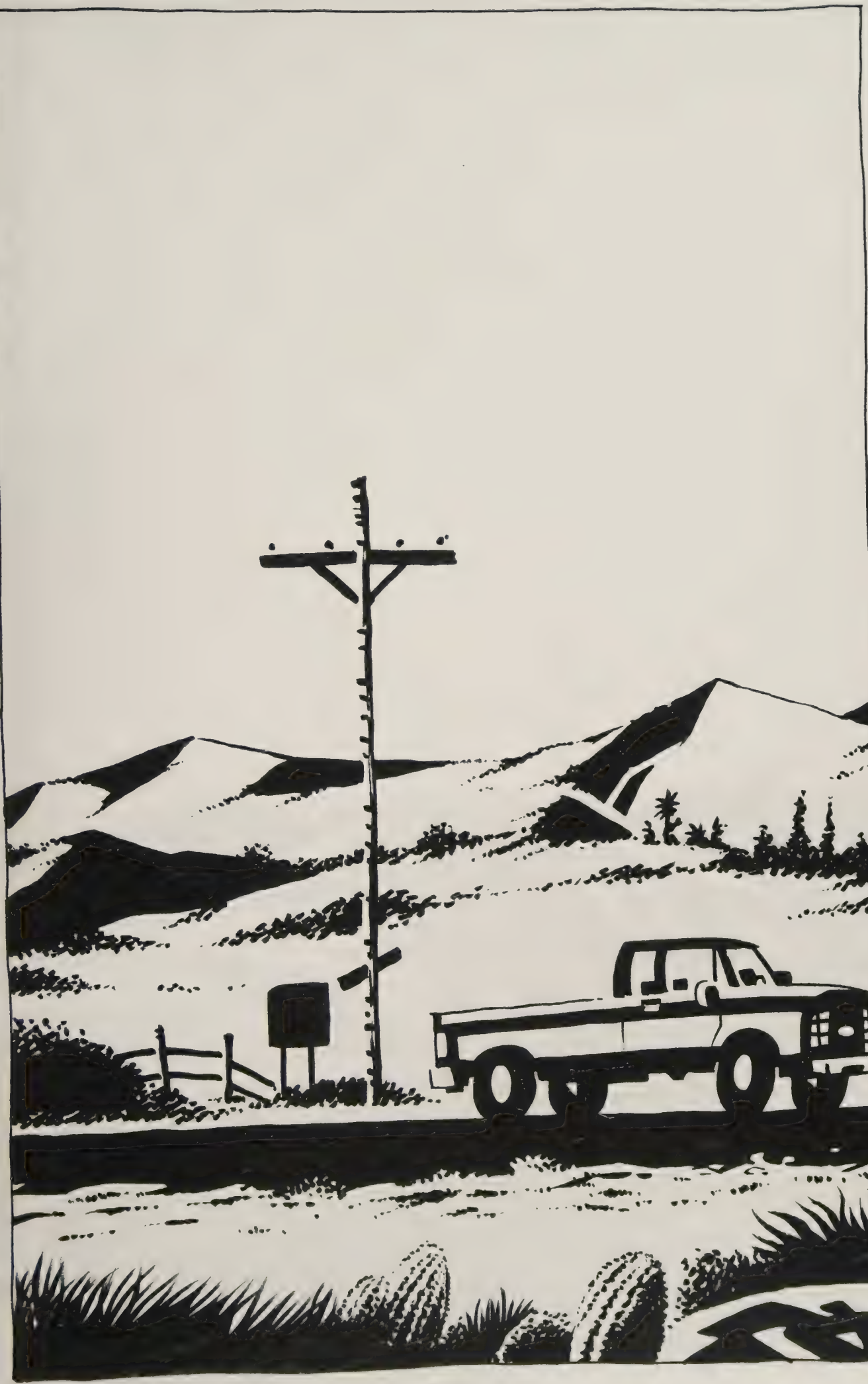

HOME.

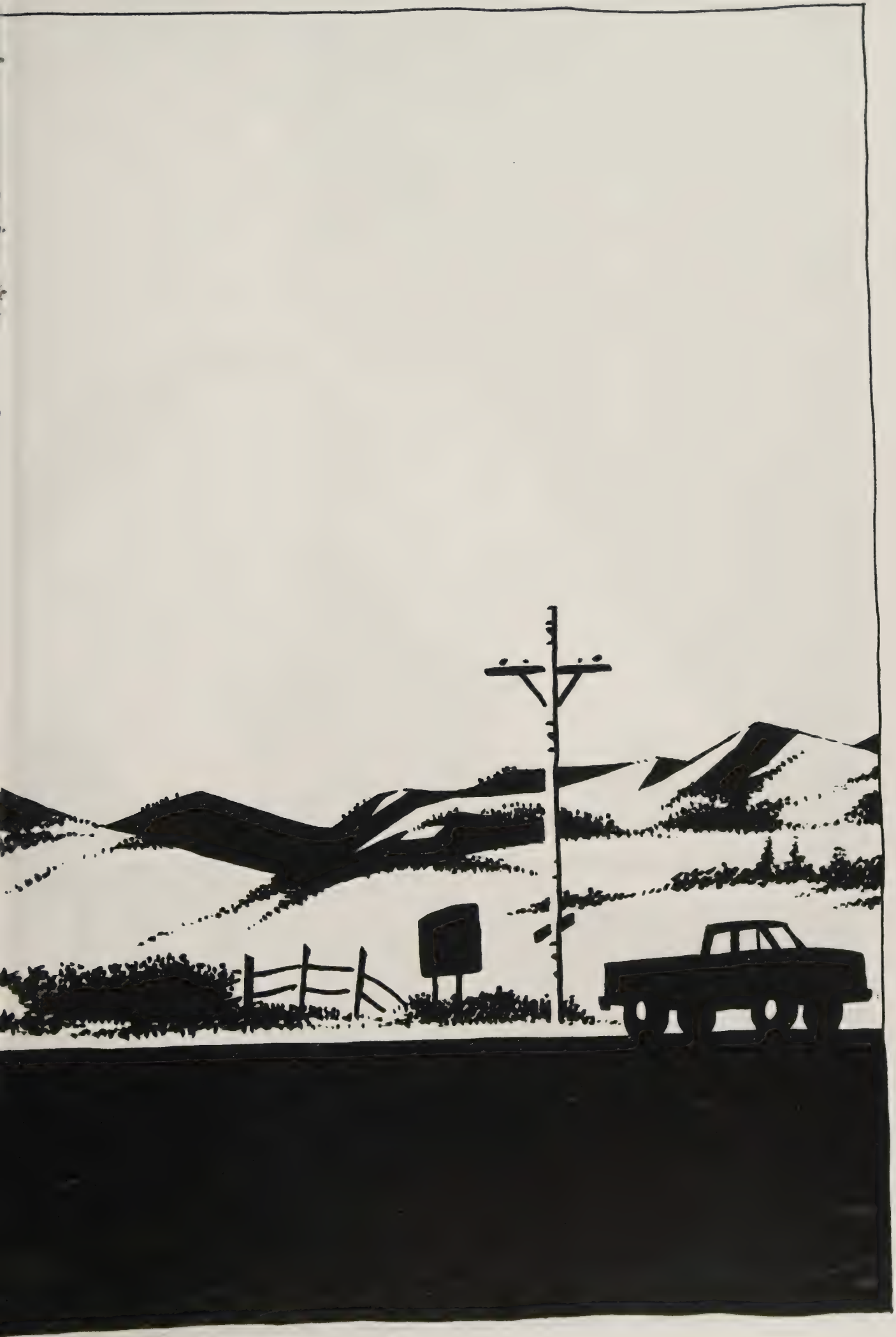
SW

NO!!
Да.

SWAT

S.W.A.T.
POL





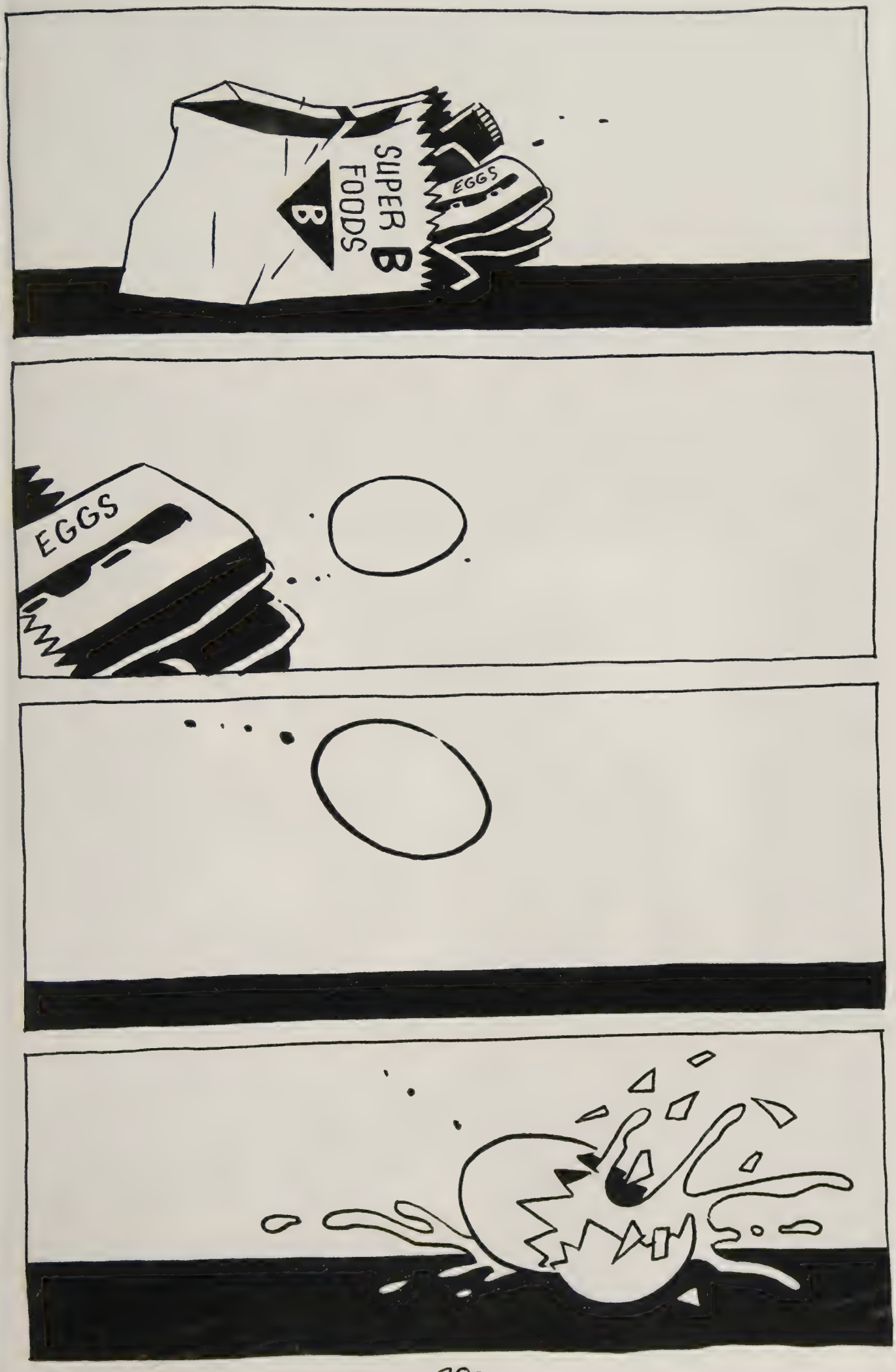
HOME

SAVE A
HORSE
RIDE A
COWBOY

EGGS
SUPER B
FOODS
B

EGGS
SUPER B FOODS
B

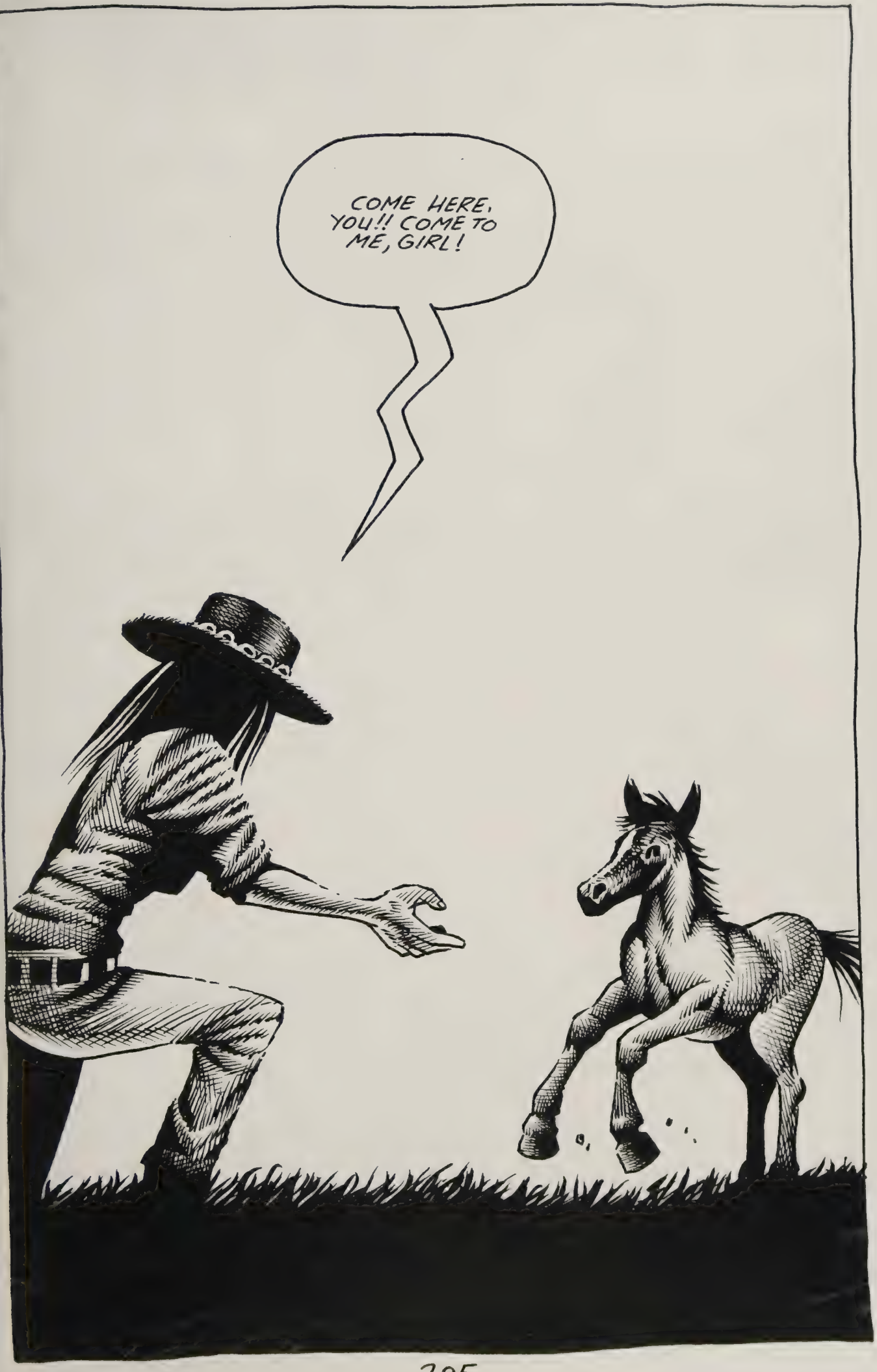
EGGS
SUPER B
FOODS
B


SUPER B FOODS
B
EGGS
EGGS

THE
END

FOR OUR
GIRLS
JEN
AND
SYLVIA

SO, ALEX... WHAT SHOULD WE NAME THIS LITTLE FILLY?
Y'KNOW, SLIM... I THINK I KNOW.


COME HERE, YOU!! COME TO ME, GIRL!

YOU SWEET LITTLE GIRL... I HAVE YOUR NAME. WANNA HEAR IT? WE'RE GOING TO NAME YOU...

THE FILLBACH BROTHERS

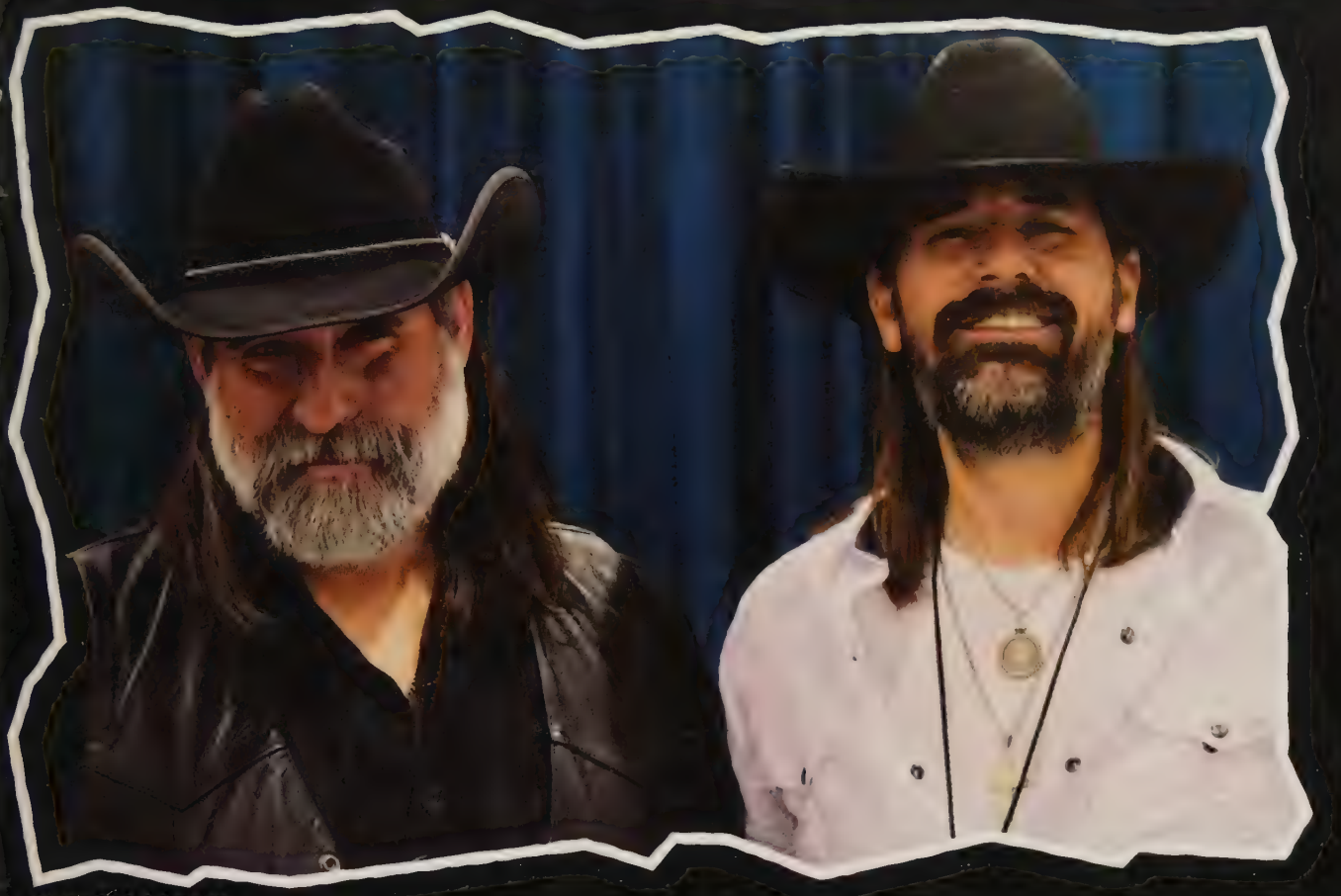


Photo: Rich Johnston

Shawn (b. 1971) and Matthew (b. 1974), the formidable Fillbach Brothers, hail from Big Sky Country...Butte, Montana... and were raised on a ranch amid broncos, mustangs, banthas and tauntauns. The outlaw brothers are creators, writers, and artists who are known for the bestselling STAR WARS: CLONE WARS ADVENTURES digest books and the acclaimed graphic novels MAXWELL STRANGEWELL and ROADKILL.

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